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The BYSTANDER

Pearl Freeman

A LAWN TENNIS HONEYMOON

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney B. Wood, who were lately married at Southampton, Long Island, are spending their honeymoon in England and playing lawn tennis at the same time. Sydney Wood was the winner of the Championships in 1931, and was beaten in the semi-final at Wimbledon last week after a tremendous tussle with F. J. Perry, who only won in the fifth set. The Woods are a very popular pair, and it is hoped that more will be seen of them when the destination of the Davis Cup comes to be decided. Sydney Wood is certain to represent the U.S.A. in Singles

At a Deb Dance

Mr. David Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan, Mr. Jock Henderson, and Mrs. Robin Wise at Sir Robert and Lady Williams' dance at the May Fair for their débutante granddaughter, Miss Pamela Cuthbertson

Below: Mr. Michael Gold, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Gold's son, and Miss Elspeth Bailey, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Asbury Bailey, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week

Cocktails for a Cause

Miss Tiny Dennistoun Sword (centre), whose cocktail-party was in connection with Lady Wavertree's Tennis Ball, is with Lady Poulett and Lord Vernon

Left: the Hon. Brinsley le Poer-Trench and Miss Joanne Briscoe-George were in the audience at the first night of the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall

St. Margaret's Wedding

The Puff Ball at the Ritz

Miss Anstice Crawley, Chairman of the Young Committee of the Puff Ball, which was in aid of the Federation of Working Girls' Clubs, conferring with Miss Susan Henderson, one of her committee-ites

Looking at London

By Daylight and Flashlight

Five of the guests at Miss Tiny Sword's cocktail-party in Grosvenor Street, who were helping to organise the Tennis Ball were Miss Daphne Hancock, Miss Johnstone, Miss Cholmondeley, Miss Irene Mann-Thompson, and Miss Harbord. The Ball took place last night

Right: Lady Dalkeith and Lord Charles Cavendish were at the Dockland Settlements Ball held at the Dorchester last week

Left: Lieut.-Colonel Jimmy Horlick and Miss Marjorie Glasgow sitting out at the Puff Ball

Mr. Nigel Fisher and the Hon. Patricia Berry were two more supporters of the Puff Ball, which most of the leading debs of the year helped to organise

Another Charity Event

The Social Side of Wimbledon

The Hon. Edward Stonor, Lord Camoys' uncle, escorting Mlle. Lea Siedl, the Viennese singer, to her car

Miss Pam Crossley, Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley's daughter, and Miss Barbara Hussey watching the Crawford-Stoefen match

Below : Miss Jane Thornycroft, whose family live at Bembridge, and Mr. J. Eddy

Above : Mrs. Osborne-Smith coming ashore with Mr. Michael Crichton after a race in the Bembridge Sailing Club boats

Above, right : Miss Pamela Ismay and Miss Elizabeth Grigg, are both Bembridge "natives," their parents having houses there

Right : Captain Stuart Little, the secretary of the Bembridge Sailing Club, talking to Mrs. Westmacott outside the club

Below : Miss Mary Campbell, Sir Charles Campbell's daughter, is with Miss Nan Mellor, daughter of Mrs. Westmacott

Above : Miss Peggy Phillips, Colonel and Mrs. Phillips' daughter, Mr. Frank Bellville, and his son, Mr. Tony Bellville, coming ashore together

Left : Colonel and Mrs. O'Callaghan and Lieut.-Colonel Eustace Morrison-Bell, who lives at Pit House, Bembridge, and is a brother of Sir Claude and Sir Clive Morrison-Bell

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Summer Sailors

Week-End Racing at the Bembridge Sailing Club

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 58.

Major Larcombe

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

MAJOR LARCOMBE, the presiding genius of Wimbledon, was never any great shakes as a lawn-tennis player. True, he was champion of the Channel Islands three or four times. But that is as far as he went on the courts. However, he married Mrs. Larcombe, and for a while before the war acted as handicapper and referee at a number of important tournaments. Originally a professional Militiaman, he served with the Guernsey Light Infantry from 1906 to 1913. He has also been games-master at Roehampton and a commercial market-gardener—tomatoes and flowers being his speciality. To look at, you would think he had been an amateur middle-weight. He is immensely thick-set, with eyes very far apart. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that his great aversion is somebody shifty ("I always trust people until they let me down; but if they do—out!"). One of his peculiarities is a hesitation which is not, however, a stammer. He thinks so fast, when he is awake, that he starts one sentence and then runs it into another, which can be extremely baffling. Another peculiarity, or rather gift, is that he can go to sleep at three-quarters of a minute's notice whatever he is doing. He has slept right through a particularly noisy musical comedy while seated in the third row of the stalls. Similarly, he has frequently asked someone a question and gone to sleep before he has heard the answer. His tastes are simple, and include a passion for cold tongue and a preference for sherry and whisky. At Bridge he is very cautious, seldom calling up to his hand. He also likes bowls. Wisely, he has never learnt French, German, Spanish or any of the other foreign languages indulged in by his temperamental lawn-tennis stars. Fortunately, he has an immense gift for patience, and a still greater one for losing his temper deliberately when people become tiresome.

What else can I tell you about him? Well, he has a very large head and wears very small shoes. He has played hockey for Middlesex, and was educated at King's College School. His predecessor at Wimbledon was Commander Hillyard, and to-day he is in his twelfth year of being secretary and manager of the All-England Lawn Tennis (and Croquet) Club.

Their Native Heath . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 2. ADDINGTON

By Charles Graves

Sketches by André Glee

No doubt the secret of Addington's success is to be found in the existence of two eighteen-hole courses, both equally good. What also makes it different from other courses is the tremendous popularity of the four-ball match. Lord Lurgan, who nearly always plays with his son "Brownie," and Sir Harry McGowan, are exceptions to the rule. They prefer singles.

Presiding genius of the club is Mr. Abercromby, known to everyone as "Aber." His strange, furry, felt hat, his lean green jacket, his aged and invincible putter, his hooked nose, his fiendish chuckle, his unexampled knowledge of grasses and golf architecture, his fondness for poking you in the ribs with his forefinger as he calls you "Old man," make him unique. He laid out Coombe Hill, Worplesdon, Moreton-Hampstead, Addington, and courses all over Europe. He is the only man living who has "beaten his age" on a crack course. He did Addington in sixty-six when he was sixty-seven years of age. To-day he is in his seventies, but woe betide any scratch man who tries to give him a half! In his previous existence, I am convinced, "Aber" was a professional duellist.

By contrast, Larry Donovan, who has recently taken a considerable interest in the Club, is a florid, cheerful Irishman who is rather slow going round the course, but quick in other ways. It was he who became Leslie Garnett's golfing godfather and persuaded his parents to let him have a year's holiday to see if he could win a championship. Of regulars there are any number. Elderly rope-magnates like H. G. Hawkins, cheerful, talkative butter kings like K. O. Petty, big city solicitors like Frederic Burgis, who has the worst swing of any single-figure player I know, crack doctors like Sir Stanley Hewitt, crack players like the Hartleys and the Sweenys, burly dentists

Above, left: "Fruity" Metcalfe Above: Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans. Above, right: Lord Ashfield. Left: Dr. David Gordon

Lord Castlerosse, not allowing the iron to enter his soul, and Tom Webster, believing the ball to be a recumbent English heavy-weight

like Bob Le Cron, and well-off young men like John Bealey and Everard Gates.

The Prince of Wales plays there quite often. Walter Hagen says the two courses are the best inland ones in Great Britain. He must think a lot of the caddies, too. Last year he took Smith all over the country and across the Channel with him. Smith is plus two, tall and willowy. His brother is also a hot player. The caddies at Addington are all characters. Blue-eyed " Nobby " Glanfield said to me once, when we had womenfolk walking part of the way : " Thank God they 've gone ! It made me feel so embarrassed in case one of you swore." Then there is Holton, the best one-armed caddie ; Wilson and Rose and Brockwell—dozens of old-stagers who are as keen on the game as the men for whom they are caddying, and probably know very much more about it than most of them.

But let us deal with the personalities among the members. At one end of the scale is Beverley Baxter, who has at least two kinks in his swing, and enjoys golf more as a vehicle of wagering than for itself alone. And yet if he can get out all-square he is perfectly happy. He doesn't like losing, but he doesn't really like winning, either.

At the other end you have General Critchley, whose bellow of " Blastino ! " when he misses a short putt, is known (and heard) from Biarritz to Pebble Beach. In between, taking them at random, there is Sir Shirley Worthington Evans, a very long barrister who hits an even longer ball. His swing is as grooved as his profession, and he is very hard to beat off three. Max Maskell, who is to do with Lanson champagne, is a temperamental golfer who usually plays with tall, spectacled Nugent Head—a financial advertising expert, I fancy. Sidney Newman, who handles all the claims of the London Passenger Transport, has been having a bad time on the course recently. He has a habit of walking after his ball when he has putted short, apparently in the hopes that it will suddenly increase its momentum. But it never does.

Isidore Ostrer is a member, but never goes there as far as I can make out. Major George Cornwallis-West, who was once backed to win five-hundred pounds against Abe Mitchell on handicap, is extremely hard to beat. Nor must one forget Harry Carver, known irreverently as " King Crab." He is social manager of the White City, and used to be an ace ice-skater in the old days. Harry is in the seventies, and, after " Aber," is the best putter I have ever encountered. Then there is Tom Webster, the best twelve-handicap player in the country. He does not lose more than a couple of matches a year, and is always ready to quote Harry Vardon or George Duncan if, in his opinion, you under-club yourself. If he himself always swung slowly he would be down to two or three—if he wanted to be. John de Forrest's picture hangs in the club-house, but his vocation as a restaurant-manager in Jermyn Street has made him the wildest ex-amateur-champion of the day.

By easy stages we now come to Lord Castlerosse, who has been a scratch player in his time and still remains a formidable six. His vast bulk is seen gently propelling itself round the course with considerable frequency, as well as sustaining itself in the dining-room or mopping its brow beside the bar. Lord Castlerosse does not like either bores or bunkers. " Fruity " Metcalfe and Drogo Montagu are two other regulars. Both have very old-fashioned handicaps, though the latter is now, I believe, eleven. He has the best swing of a man with a double-figure handicap in the country. " Fruity " Metcalfe grows more Irish every day, as he alternates between Addington and Walton Heath. Reg. Shurey is another tough nut to crack. A member of the Portland, he stands with his feet very close together. Yet he has a lovely swing. So beware the man with an eight-handicap who often does a seventy-three and always looks doleful about it.

I haven't seen Lord Ashfield on the course for some time. But he celebrated his new appointment last year by a round at Addington the day it was announced. Lord Westmorland plays there much more frequently. He is a pretty good six, and would be better if he paid more attention to the game.

You never know whom you are going to see at Addington. It may be Fred Astaire, or Di Fishwick, or Andrew McNair, or Douglas Fairbanks, or a Dorchester blonde, or Ambrose (without his band), or Lord Rosebery. Such is the appeal of the two grand courses, and the ministrations of Fox, the head barman, followed by the famous little fried soles and undercut and treacle-pudding. As for telephone calls, mislaid golf-shoes, and the like, there is always Frank, who answers to " Red " or " Ginger," or any loud cry.

I don't know much about the four women members, but you frequently see Miss Baba Pim and her mother, Mrs. Keith, as well as Lady Stanley, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Mrs. Critchley and her sister, Mrs. Shurey. The lovely Lady Milbanke is an occasional visitor, too. Last, but not least, there is the charming Fred Robson, the club's latest acquisition, who has just taken over from Willie Ritchie and has had the professional's shop entirely rejigged—not to say rejiggered. Yes, indeed, I am very fond of Addington. But one needs to play down to one's handicap if it isn't going to cost quite a bit.

Lord Lurgan going on his daily round while his son, the Hon. William Brownlow, known as "Brownie," is seen taking an easy

Mr. Abercromby, in a furry, felt hat of some novelty, with a club equally novel, is on the left, with the Earl of Westmorland, right

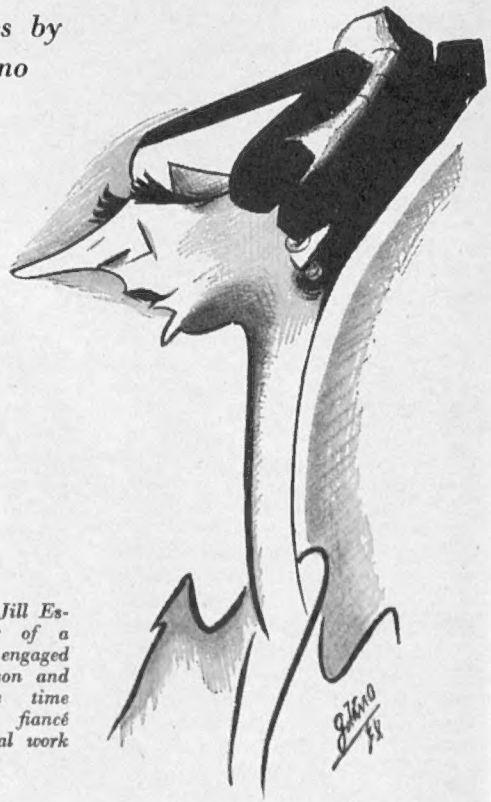
Larry Donovan, with his hand on the shoulder of Leslie Garnett because, perhaps, the latter did so well in the Amateur Championship

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Mainly About Medicos

Sketches by Gitano

George Ferguson, F.R.C.S. (Robert Douglas) and Barbara Denison (Joan Marion), a hospital nurse who loves the clever young surgeon not wisely but too well



Laura Hudson (Jill Esmond), daughter of a wealthy parent, engaged to George Ferguson and jealous of the time devoted by her fiancé to his professional work

"Man in White" (Lyric Theatre)

HAD Mr. Sidney Kingsley, the author of *Men in White*, been in Barrie-ish mood when seeking a title he might have called it "A Kiss for the Medicos," for this is assuredly a play with a purpose, and that is, to remind the general public that the goddess Hygieia is an exceedingly hard task-mistress who will brook no rival in the early stages of a doctor's life. To reach the top of the tree, where the Harley Street coco-nuts grow, he must work for her like a galley-slave with little or no remuneration for years and years; and when he has climbed thus high, he will be expected to devote much of his time and skill to alleviating the ills of those who can only repay him with gratitude.

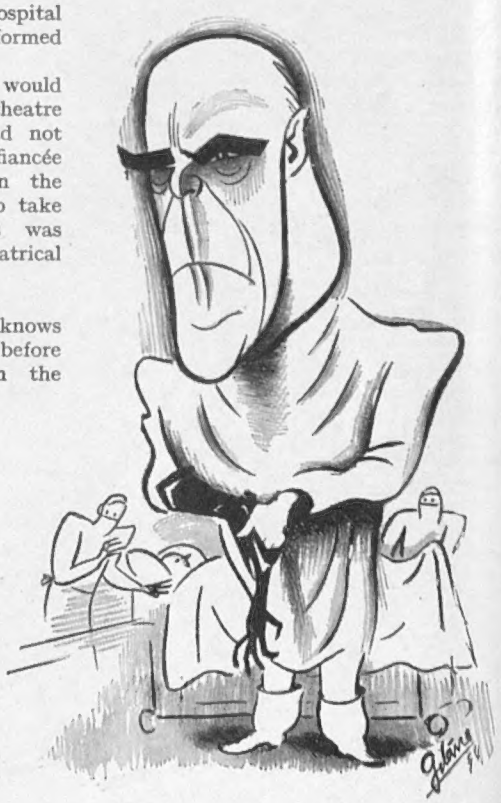
Plays written with a purpose are often dull, but this charge cannot be brought against *Men in White*, which, when dealing with the technical side of the healing art, is both novel and gripping. I think the author was also playing a winning game when he gave to a brilliant young surgeon a fiancée who did not look forward to taking second place to the goddess, and there came a clash between wooing of woman and love of lancet.

WHERE Mr. Kingsley went wrong, to my mind, was in complicating the issue by allowing the surgeon-hero to have an affair with a nurse who was so reckless of consequences, or ignorant of the immortal works of Dr. Marie Stopes, that she finally had to be operated on—an operation assisted by the surgeon-seducer in his own hospital—after an illegal one had been performed outside.

This scene in the operating theatre would be even more enthralling in the theatre of Thespis if only verisimilitude had not been shattered by the surgeon's fiancée being allowed to be present when the operation on the nurse was about to take place. I felt, somehow, that this was pandering unnecessarily to the theatrical appetite.

THE general public, as a rule, knows nothing of what goes on either before or after the patient is placed on the table, and it is not necessary to have gone through the ordeal oneself to be deeply interested in the subject; but even as it stands, this scene is but one of several showing hospital life which should draw crowds to the Lyric Theatre; and the play is so well written that I regretted the more the inaudibility of several members of the cast. Far and away the best performance was given by Lewis Casson, as a distinguished surgeon, who set an example in acting and diction which might have been followed with advantage by many others whose names appeared on the programme.

VERNON WOODHOUSE



Emile Braddock, F.R.C.S (Lewis Casson), a celebrated surgeon who lives for his work and affirms that a doctor's life must be devoted, above all else, to humanity

Photographs by Yevonde

The Lady Anne Hope

Lady Anne Hope is the eldest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow's three daughters; she is twenty. Both she and her sister, who came out last year, do their share of charity committee work when they are in London, as they should, being daughters of Lady Linlithgow, who is tireless on behalf of charitable causes. Lady Anne Hope goes racing a fair amount, and gives the impression of being more of the country than of London, although her family spend a good deal of the year at their London house in Chesham Place. Hopetoun House, Linlithgowshire, and Ormiston Hall, in Haddingtonshire, are their two places in Scotland

Tiller's Favourite Girl

"Things were different in my aunt's young days"

By Maurice Lane-Norcott

MANY of my older readers who saw the modern version of the can-can performed in London recently must have thought wistfully of those gay Parisian nights when my aunt, Mrs. Matilda Molesworthy, introduced this exotic dance to the world under her nom-de-pied of "La Goulash"—or, as we should say in English, "Irish Stew."

At this late date I don't suppose I shall be breaking any confidences when I say that my aunt, who was very gently nurtured, was not originally intended for a dancing career in La Ville Lumière. Indeed, there is still an old saying extant in south Worcestershire which runs: "You can pull a pixie from a bell-wether's ear, but you can't make a snake's hips out of Mattie Lane-Norcott."

This, however, was never my aunt's view, and it came as a great shock to her parents when one day at tiffin she calmly announced that she had decided "to toss her bonnet over the Moulin Rouge."

You will be courting

Ah! those famous "premières" at the old Moulin Rouge

Of course, nowadays the sexes are so equal that I dare say a refined girl can kick as high as she likes without "losing caste," so long as she is a "thorough good sport" and doesn't do it in the hunting-field or while out walking on the Sabbath.

However, things were different in my aunt's young days, and when her plan became known she encountered considerable opposition, particularly from Ruskin, who at this time was considered an authority on "good form," having just written *Sesame and the Lilies*.

Indeed, for many weeks Ruskin literally haunted my aunt, threatening her with all manner of dire consequences if she persisted in her mad plan. Their last meeting, I regret to say, ended in a painful fracas.

"Let me tell you," said Ruskin, glaring coldly at my aunt through his eyebrows, "if you persist in dancing before these foreigners you will be courting something worse than death."

"Eh?" said my aunt. "What?"

"Oh, *you* heard me!" replied Ruskin irritably. "I said you will be courting something worse than death."

"Nonsense, Ruskin!" laughed my aunt gaily. "What could be worse than death?"

Well, as you may guess, this was a real poser for Ruskin. Particularly as it happened to be his turn to speak next.

"Well, really," he said at last, staring doggedly out of the window, "I can't possibly go into *that*."

"Oh, si vous êtes embarrassé," said my aunt helpfully, "dites moi en français."

"Très bien," replied Ruskin resignedly. And then, carefully lowering his voice to a whisper, he said: "Attendez, mademoiselle. Vous êtes une femme—oui?"

ng worse than death

"Je suis," admitted my aunt, frankly.

"Precisement," said Ruskin. "Et les autres—les spectateurs dans la théâtre—ils sont les hommes—oui?"

"C'est possible," agreed my aunt.

"Exactement!" cried Ruskin triumphantly. "Vous comprenez parfaitement maintenant, mademoiselle!"

"Well, upon my soul, Ruskin!" exclaimed my aunt indignantly. "Of all the silly explanations! Surely you don't expect me to give up my Art for such a triviality?"

At these words Ruskin turned deathly pale.

"Can I hear you aright?" he asked incredulously. "You call *that* a triviality?"

"Yes, I do," said my aunt, coldly. "What's more, I think you're downright morbid!"

"Oh, so that's what you think, is it?" hissed Ruskin furiously. "Very well then. I shall save my breath to cool my porridge! Good-afternoon!"

And with a curt bow he snatched his hat from the fernery and hurried from the room, staring fixedly before him. My aunt never saw Ruskin again after that, except in the distance.

Whether it was something that Ruskin had said during this interview that influenced my aunt or whether it was just her natural impetuosity I must leave the reader to judge for himself. Be that as it may, the very next day found my famous relative on the high seas, bound for La Belle France.

Unfortunately, I haven't space here to relate the well-known story of her chance meeting with Mr. Tiller "on a steamer coming over," and how the great dancing impresario was instantly captivated by her merry, roving eye and chic bustle. Sufficient that the outcome was that my aunt became the first of the famous "Les Girls," and soon had all Bohemian Paris at her well-shod feet.

Ah! Those famous premières at the old Moulin Rouge, when my aunt, clad only in her daring whalebone stays, dainty knickerbockers, pretty bodice, and gaily-coloured garters, came before the curtain to bow her acknowledgments to the thunderous applause, led by such world-famous artists as Manet, Monet, Munet, Funet, Matisse, Matosse, Mutesse, Pizarro, Bizarro, Figaro, and Vincent Van Grock!

Unfortunately, among these many admirers were several jealous spirits who couldn't take "No!" for an answer, and meanly "got back at" my aunt by spreading rumours that defamed her fair stage-name.

For instance, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the American poet, whom my aunt had once accidentally kicked, in the frenzy of the dance, wrote a piece about her in a poem called "My Lost Youth," reading—

There are things of which I may not speak,
There are thoughts that make the strong head weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek
And a mist before the eye.

Of course, the implication behind these lines was that my aunt was just a little fly-by-night and went out with boys after the show.

This unjust innuendo caused her the greatest pain, and she would certainly have retired from the Parisian stage in disgust had not Shelley, then in his prime, written that famous Ode in her defence, beginning with the immortal line—

Hail to thee, blythe spirit!
Bird thou never was't!

Fortunately, this courageous action of Shelley's quickly mollified her, and she continued to delight audiences for many years longer, although from time to time Mr. Tiller very tactfully introduced other girls into the act, so that when my aunt felt tired she could just dance off the stage and sit down without causing a noticeable hiatus in the entertainment.

However, with the coming of negro jazz and "hot rhythm," my aunt felt that she had expressed her ego sufficiently, and so one day, to the surprise of all, she clandestinely married my Uncle Wilfred, and to-day lives quietly in the Close at Canterbury, where she is proudly pointed out to visitors as "Tiller's Favourite Girl."

That my aunt was just a little fly-by-night, and went out with boys after the show

Photographs by Lenare

The Hon. Alicia Browne

Here are new portraits of a lovely Irish girl—the Hon. Alicia Browne, only daughter of Lord and Lady Kilmaine. She spends a good deal of time in Ireland—her father comes from Co. Mayo—hunts over there in the winter, but is seen around a good deal over here in the summer. She is very gay and full of vitality, besides being so attractive to look at. She has two brothers, one of whom is Secretary to the Oxford Society, married Miss Phyllis Scott Arnott in 1930, and has a daughter of two, called Carola; and the other is in the Rifle Brigade. Lady Kilmaine was Lady Aline Kennedy, and is the daughter of the eighty-seven-year-old Marquess of Ailsa

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Strange Interlude

A MYSTERIOUS Society called the P.E.P. has recently been behaving rather oddly. It is something to do with Politics and Economics and what not (and nothing whatever to do with the rival circus, the P.E.N. Club, which is solely concerned with the net sales of the novels of the Bloomsbury boys and, especially, girls). Imagine our astonishment, then, when we found that the Pep chaps had been delving into the technique of sport. Whether or not this is due to the influence of one of its members, Kenneth Lindsay, the fast-bowling, x-Corinthian M.P. for Kilmarnock, we do not profess to know. But the fact remains that they have issued a long report on the reorganisation of Cotton. Now it seems to us, ignorant and rather backward mentally that we are, that a man who can play the Royal St. George's, Sandwich, off the back tees, in the Open Championship, in three consecutive rounds of 66, 67, 65, needs precious little reorganising. We ourselves reorganise our entire game about once a week, but that is different. We hardly ever play the Royal St. George's in under 70. No, we feel strongly that the P.E.P. Society should lay off Cotton. (What? It isn't about Harry Cotton at all? But what other Cotton is there worth talking about? Oh, that. We don't know anything about that. It 's all looms and spinning-jennies and Wigan and stocking-tops, isn't it? No concern of ours. Go away.)

Making Things Clear

THE new rules for the traffic-crossings in London are simplicity itself. Three white lines and three pink lines, if facing east and west, give the pedestrian priority over all motor-traffic except lorries, which may proceed as usual. A pedestrian hitting a lorry inside these lines is responsible for all damage he may cause. If, on the other hand, the lines are facing north and south, they only refer to the priority of tricycles over tandem-bicycles. No one else need pay any attention to them. Seventeen rows of eau-de-nil studs running diagonally across the street give precedence to motor-bicycles over everything, except after 4 p.m., when mechanically-propelled bath-chairs are also included as if they were motor-bicycles. Small boys on roller-skates may not be knocked down unless they are within two parallel rows of yellow crosses, but this only applies to the S.E. 21 and N.E. 40 postal districts of London. Scooters must keep to the crown of the road, and then only on Tuesdays.

International Affairs

THE latest news from Germany would seem to indicate that if the Stalhelm can line up with the S.A. (which doesn't mean what you think it means, so there), then there will be nothing left for the right wing of the Reichswehr to do but amalgamate with the moderate Junkers and the extreme groups of the Vehmgericht. Any démarche from the Front-Line-Hogs would be looked upon with extreme suspicion by Mr. Walter Elliot as tending to upset his system of bacon-quotas. On the other hand, the centre parties of the National-Communist group are reported to be intriguing towards a military dictatorship. So who shoots first, Mr. Vernon Bartlett? Eh?

"How could I know you were having a bath?"

A Great Gentleman

WHILE we are on the subject of the Nazis and their little bickerings, let us record that the third of the German pocket-battleships has just been launched at Wilhelmshaven. (It is going to cost four millions sterling, which is not bad for a nation that alleges it has no money to pay its debts with.) It is to be called the Graf von Spee, after the Admiral who won the Battle of Coronel and lost the Battle of the Falkland Islands. In praising famous men, it should never be forgotten that von Spee refused to allow the German colony at Valparaiso to celebrate his victory, as a chivalrous gesture to Admiral Cradock. "Besides," he added, "it will be our turn next."

Without Any Comment At All

EXTRACT from the *Star*: "I saw Dean Inge in a bus in the Strand to-day. There is no Divine who uses the buses of London more religiously."

Lancs v. Yorks

WE went last week to see the annual outing of the Eton and Winchester boys at Winchester. It was a perfect day. The sun was shining, the pitch was hard and true, the outfield fast. The ancient Cathedral peeped over the elm-trees in the distance at one end, at the other the ancient Abbey of St. Cross. The Itchen sparkled among the

"I just had to taste it, boss! I just had to!"

watermeads. St. Catharine's Hill looked down benignly, and, to celebrate the English national game in a perfect English setting, the lads scored at the solemn, liturgical rate of 45 runs per hour all day for two days. The match dragged itself to a weary, tedious draw, and in the whole of the two days' cricket there was not a single moment's excitement. Lancashire and Yorkshire can do better than that at Sheffield in a fog of smoke. Shades of Jack Mason and R. H. Lyttelton, and R. A. H. Mitchell and Johnny Evans! Why, even in our own day J. L. Guise made 268 for Winchester in a few hours.

The Fifth Form at St. Trenchard's

THE new Cops College is getting under way, girls, and we hear that already there has been trouble over one of the fellows—De Vere minor—bringing a noggin of French vermouth into the dormitory one night. The head wasn't half wrathy when the school-sergeant told him about it. And then there has been a nasty affair when Plantagenet tertius sneaked on Cecil-Walsingham for not polishing his truncheon, and the rest of the fifth-form chaps sent him to Coventry for being a cad. There was no end of a row, too, in one of the form-rooms when the fellows found out that Fitzwise's sister's name was Queenie. They didn't half rot him about it, and Fitzwise said if they went on any more he would go and tell the matron, and his father was an Honourable, and the matron wouldn't let the sons of Honourables be spoken to like that. The fellows stopped rotting after that, and they all had a game of marbles in the cloak-room while de Montmorency major kept cave; in case any of the ushers were about. Last week the chess colours were awarded, and the third-form was kept in during the lacrosse hour for ragging the French usher.

A Note on Patriotism

MR. ISAAC ("PUSSY") FOOT is a stern partisan of Prohibition and Oliver Cromwell, so it is a little surprising to have to allot to him the week's prize of a dozen pairs of silk-stockings and a ticket for the Rodeo for the wittiest quotation of the week. He was talking about those intrepid fellows, those reckless dare-devils, who have voluntarily settled in the Channel Islands so as to be the first line of defence of the dear old country against foreign invasion. They are mostly retired colonels and generals, but their ardour for the fray is still so unquenchable that they have formed themselves into a sort of forward sap in front of the trenches. Now, it appears, although none of these gallant fellows knew it at the time of their departure for the forward sap, that there is practically no income-tax in the Channel Islands, and there is from time to time a most monstrously unfair agitation to get income-tax levied upon these heroes. Not content with accepting their loyal sacrifice, people actually want them to pay money as well. It was a revival of this agitation which made Mr. Foot quote Tennyson so neatly: "It may be we shall touch the happy isles."

Bedside Story

PROFESSOR A. P. LAURIE has just published a book of reminiscences which contains more really good stories than any we have come across for a long time. There is one superb one about a man who had finished his University career and went to say good-bye to the Master of Trinity. He came back in a furious rage, and his friends asked him what the trouble was. "He asked me what I intended to study," said the man indignantly,

"Now do you get the idea, Miss La Gobbo?"

" Very petit poussin, m' Lord "

" and when I said Music, he answered, ' Better than Dancing, I suppose.' But what makes me so wild was that it was not until I had got to the foot of the stairs that I thought of the right repartee."

" What was the right repartee ? "

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 6.—Tonbridge

On a background of blue is maroon, black and white
Presenting, you 'll own, a most soul-moving sight.

THE boys who go to Tonbridge—
That famous school in Kent—
Most probably do not enthuse
About the beauty of its views,
House Colours hold more charming hues
For those whose minds are bent
On demonstrating that they 're nifty
Enough to play games on the " Fifty."

The boys who go to Tonbridge
Don't exercise their wits
In wondering why Sterling may
Have dropped a point or two to-day,
But when they need work-books, I 'll say
The School Pound gives them Fitz !
Though bibliophiles can't expect books
To be sold there if they 're not text-books.

The boys who go to Tonbridge
Support their O.T.C.
Its Sing-Song for a lot holds charms
That far outweigh Red War's alarms
Or forming fours and sloping arms,
Though now you 'll sometimes see
Dear little Boy Scouts madly scouting
(Girl Guides DON'T join them on the outing !)

The boys who go to Tonbridge
Can rise by slow degrees
To wearing really natty socks
Complete with gaily-coloured clocks
Which may give sombre dressers shocks
But cheer the hearts of Præs.—
It matters not, though, how they 're dressing,
For Tonbridge ever is progressing. B. W.

his friends inquired. " Why, ' What a bloody old fool you are,' of course," replied the angry musician.

Salute to Age

WHETHER or not Zaro Aga was born in 1777 or not, it seems to be fairly certain that he was not born later than 1800. His eye-witness account of the murder of the Janissaries in 1826 has been admitted as authentic. Another grand old man was the Danish sailor, Drakenburg. He lived, authentically, to the age of 156. At ninety he joined the British Navy, and at 120 he was thrown out of a pub for being drunk and disorderly. He married for the last time at 130. His memory is kept green by the Drakenburg Club, which meets once a year in the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, and toasts the old man and sings the great Drakenburg song.

The Anti-Noise Boys

WE would like to call the attention of these latter-day oysters (the original ones, you will remember, were always worried by a noisy noise) to a pestilential row which is becoming more and more a menace to the amenities of Fleet Street. Almost every day, between 1 p.m. and 1.30 p.m., a roar can be heard above the rattle of the traffic, above the clatter of the printing-presses, above the din of young men scrounging for jobs, above the drone of Scottish sub-editors saying, " Thanks, I don't mind if I do." It is the roar of " Beachcomber " of the *Daily Express*, proving to his own satisfaction that something or other has happened which has never happened, or singing to everyone else's extreme discomfort a marching-song of the French infantry of Louis XV. Now then, Anti-Noise League, get to it. And we want a fiver as informer's fee, or nark's rake-off.—THE BYSTANDERS.

" Mr. Hales wishes to know whether you can crowd in a coffee with him ? "

Strokes at Wimbledon

By Various Competitors and Our Artist

F. J. Perry

Suzanne Lenglen

Below: Lester Stoeffen driving

Below: S. B. Wood smashing

J. H. Crawford

M. Grandquillot, Wimbledon's contribution to a brighter London

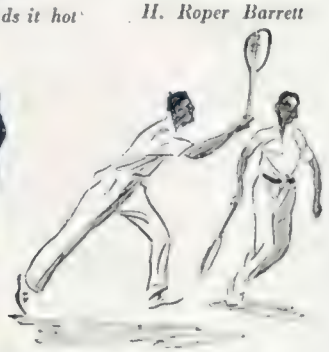
A fall for Borotra

Perry finds it hot

H. Roper Barrett

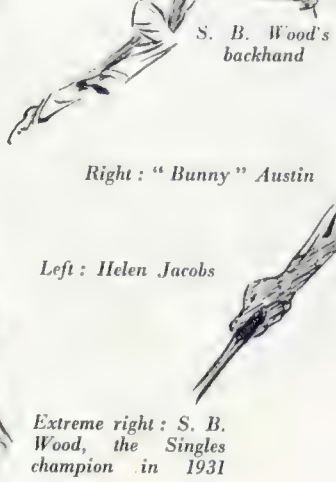
A backhand by F. X. Shields

Perry volleying



Borotra and Brugnon

Extreme right: S. B. Wood, the Singles champion in 1931



Right: "Bunny" Austin

Left: Helen Jacobs

S. B. Wood's backhand

Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, a spectator

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KESTOS
BRASSIÈRE

Causton

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

THE outdoor girl has had a grand week. At Wimbledon any afternoon last week she could hear "the sharp ping of the tennis ball against the racket," to quote one of my distinguished contemporaries, and watch some of those exhibitions of indomitable pluck, courage, and preservation of temper, so remarkably displayed by the wearers of snake-belts (or even no belts at all) round their waists—in other words, our lawn-tennis experts.

"Aequam memento rebus in arduis . . ."

AT Henley there was a grand rowing on the river, with Pitmans and Golds well to the fore on the river bank. Pink socks, ties, and caps, surmounted with crossed oars, denote membership of Leander, which one may term the I Zingari and the Royal Yacht Squadron of rowing, except that they have fewer chances to appear in all their glory. By the way, it is not at all the thing to wear Leander colours on the merry-go-rounds after dinner opposite Phyllis Court, where the prices were well up to the club standard of former years.

CRICKET, as played in country-house matches, fortunately, retains all the spirit of the game, which, in the more competitive spheres, seems to disappear. Now, that match, for instance, like that of the Harrow Wanderers against Sir Pierce Lacy's side, there is nothing but goodwill to be found. The cricket ground itself at

Mrs. Sallie Monkland is one of the smartest and most attractive Americans living in London. She wore, for her cocktail-party at her Carlos Place house, an amusing Schiaparelli dress of a shiny black material, with a starched white "clerical" collar

Ampton Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, is beautifully kept up; Sir Pierce entertains most generously and watches every ball bowled. Lady Lacy, helped by her five daughters and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maurice Lacy, entertains the local luminaries of Suffolk and Norfolk, many of whom are playing in the match. Mr. Harold Lake represents a very popular industry—brewing, as does Mr. Michael Falcon. Very few of the "locals" in the Eastern Counties are not in their hands.

THE Harrow Wanderers side included a Raphael (Geoffrey) and an Andreae, Mr. Rupert Anson, who was the captain, Mr. Guy Jackson, the former Derbyshire captain, Mr. R. E. Covington (pronounce Coffington, please), and Colonel F. R. R. Brooke, the former Army captain. R. H. Rutter, the Minor Counties fast-bowler, and Lord Remnant, who captains them, played for the home side. The result was a draw: the only real failure in the match

The lovely Princess Natalie Paley, dining at L'Apéritif with a friend, wore a black dress, and a little red, white and black cap that had a Russian look

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Bert Matthews, of Hampstead, and Mr. A. W. Barker, "the costers' parson," were at Olympia for the donkey competition and to meet the Society Committee of the Costers' Fair

Tea Under the Hurlingham Trees

Above: Princess Melikoff talking to Mr. "Plum" Warner at Mrs. Jocelyn Lucas's dinner-party. Princess Melikoff was wearing black-and-white figured chiffon velvet

Above, left: Mrs. Howell Howard, the attractive wife of No. 5 of the Aurora polo team, was another of Mrs. Jocelyn Lucas's guests

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

was Mrs. Maurice Lacy's Dutch Barge dog, Clovis, which failed dismally when called upon to catch Sir Pierce's swiftest rabbits. One felt he would have done better with the young pheasants.

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN is such an infrequent visitor to London that her presence at a party is bound to attract notice. The Cunningham-Reids gave a very good "Silly-Symphony-cum-dancing" party to greet her; Mickey Mouse films, dancing to two pianos, and a beer garden were the main features of the entertainment, which went on till dawn, and after.

Prince George was one of the guests, and sat with Marion Davies, both thoroughly enjoying the films. Lili Damita, Sir Alfred Beit, and Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie were other guests: the fair Lili has been staying quite often at Leeds Castle. Lady Inchcape, termed the "beautiful golden princess," Lady Mount-Temple with an out-size in red fans, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, with three sons and their wives, C. B. Cochran—in fact, a room full of talent was there.

BOTH Dieppe and Pourville are benefiting greatly from the fact that Banco air-line runs a week-end service there, as it does to Le Touquet and Deauville. The Royal Hotel at Dieppe was full last week for the Open Golf Championship; Captain and Mrs. Francis Francis and Mr. Robert Sweeny were there, while at Pourville, Lord Michelham has been seen; and, of course, Mr. Billy Gardner, who shepherds flocks of blondes and brunettes into the fold of his hotel. But there is one desperately sad item of news from this neighbourhood: the Pourville Otter Hounds are not featuring this year, so water-rats will have an unmolested season in the Normandy streams. The Bucks Club Golf Handicap was held last week-end at Le Touquet, about which more news next week.

FOURTEEN hostesses issue an invitation for the Eclipse night Pay Party, to be held at the Savoy on July 20th. It is to be in aid of Devon Nook Home, which is a hostel for unmarried mothers and their babies. Lady de Trafford, Lady Warrender, Mrs. Euan Wallace, and Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford (the organiser-in-chief) are among the hostesses whose Christian names are not on the invitation cards, as for a similar one about eighteen months ago, which rather embarrassed many who could never hope to be on such intimate terms with them.

"THE MAITLANDS," at Wyndham's Theatre, show us that the Russians do not have it all their own way as playwrights. The real tragedy is that Ronald MacKenzie is not alive to write some more on the Tchehov lines—for Tchehov had such a sense of humour, too, as well as of drama. There were three Gielguds in the theatre on the first night, brother John taking the principal part on the stage, and brother Val being well to the fore in the audience, with his "B.B.C.-ish" beard. Joan Marion, who has "died" at the Lyric earlier, as a nurse, in *Men in White*, nearly does the same sort of thing in the last act of *The Maitlands*—she is far too pretty to be sacrificed twice in one evening.

THE Passion Play is on at Oberammergau. Mrs. Keith Newall, who has just gone to Munich to see her daughter, Armida MacIndoe, is taking her there, and is staying for the week-end with Judas Iscariot, or, rather, in the house of the worthy burgher who takes the part. The Newall's house, on the shore by the sixth green of Prince's Golf Course, is a very popular resort for golfers.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

POLO at Hurlingham took place in pouring rain the other day, which made the ground very slippery, and which probably accounted for Mr. Post, of the Aurora team, having what looked like a very nasty fall—the result of his pony slipping up and colliding with the goal-post, both pony and post falling on Post. However, he had a lucky escape, and after a few minutes remounted and play continued. A great crowd turned up to watch the match, which was against Resurrection Pie, and resulted in a victory for Aurora. Captain Roger Peake was to be seen, and was receiving congratulations on the birth of his daughter. Mrs. Roger Peake was Miss Nancy Pritchard, and as such well-known to all. Mrs. K. O. Goldie was there, too, wearing dark glasses, but, as it was a pouring day, she found them hardly necessary. Mrs. Ronald Henderson looked as if she'd got very wet before she left,

Prince and Princess Alexis Mdivani, having a day off from polo and lunching out-of-doors at the Hotel de Paris at Bray. She wore a parrot-green dress, with a little cap of feathers to match

Mrs. Jocelyn Lucas, who was formerly Lady Kekewich, was the hostess of the dinner-party at which several of the sketches on this page were made. Her London house is in Hans Crescent

in spite of being wrapped in Mr. Peter Williams' mackintosh. Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon was being escorted down the drive, in obvious search of her car, by Captain George Todd, followed closely behind by Mr. Ralph Burton, holding his umbrella high aloft to cover Miss Mary Collins, while all the drips from it fell on himself. Indeed an unpleasant day for the sport.

THE Berkeley was more popular than it has been for years the other night. Everybody you can think of was there, including the Prince of Wales, who was in a party of five with the Sims and her sister, who danced gaily round with his Royal Highness. Lady Dance, in black, had a party to celebrate the engagement of her son, Mr. Jimmy Dance, and Mrs. Violet Graham (not to be muddled with Mrs. Charles Graham, please), who looked quite lovely in a striped dress and radiantly happy. Others in the party included Col. and Mrs. Ralph Harrison and Mr. Bob Livingstone-Learmonth, Lady Swaythling and Count Bortch were together, and Mr. Ivor Maclaren and Miss Cecily Courtneidge, the former, as usual, wearing a dinner jacket. Another wearer of said apparel was Capt. Philip Cripps. The Dudley Tooths we noticed too, she in bright red. Captain Frank Bellville we also saw, but as there was no tango played he probably did not consider he had had a really good evening. On the same evening, at the Embassy, we saw Lady Victor Warrender tête-à-tête with Mr. Philip Kindersley; and, in another party, Lady Brougham and Vaux and Mr. Nigel Battine. The Seafields were together in an enormous party, including Miss Rosemary O'Malley Keyes. Mrs. Harry Scott, with the lovely Titian hair, did not escape our notice, either.

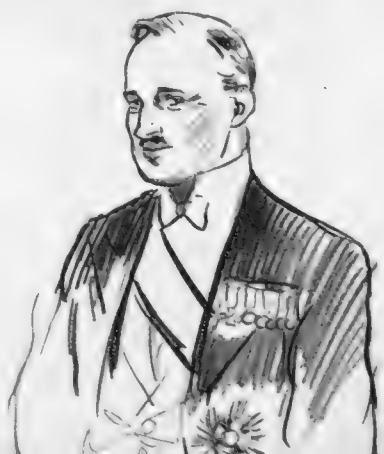
AT the final of the Champion Cup, at Hurlingham at the end of the week, we saw Aurora play and win again, against the Cavaliers. All the usual polo fans were there, plus a lot of others. Lord Sefton was making full use of his co-respondent shoes by stamping in the turf between the chukkas, and he wasn't alone at the job, either. Every man and boy, each time the bell went, sprang to their feet and rushed on to the ground. An object-lesson to so many golfers. Mr. Tom Walls was another who was busy with his feet. Mr. and Mrs. David Forbes were together; she in pink and hatless and looking very attractive.

ONE of the chief topics of conversation at the moment is the Weigalls' dance at Ascot. Everybody is talking about it, and apparently everybody was there; and nobody has ever enjoyed a party more. The moon shone, the garden was illuminated, the air was balmy (and probably a good many of the guests, too!) and as a result the ball-room floor was second choice, except when Sophie Tucker sang, and then one realised how many hundreds of people were there. Captain Adrian Bethell was noticed dancing with that singularly attractive person, Miss Livia Paravacini, while Lord Inverclyde propelled Miss Jean Combe round the floor and probably the garden as well. Archer-Shees en masse had come from near; Mountjoy Fanes had come from far; and Lord Portarlington "Rolled" up in a new "Royce" of extensive dimensions.

ASCOT clothes had an airing at the Bailey-Gold wedding on Monday. Mrs. Johnny Dewar we saw in a black-and-white printed dress and large red hat, with her husband and Lady Veronica Hornby, who was also in an Ascot frock and blue fox cape, had a very small pale-blue velvet cap on the back of her head, with a diamond clip over each ear (or was it eye?) was with her husband, whereas Mrs. Prior-Palmer was not. She had Mr. Peter Laycock with her, and was looking very neat in a blue-and-white duster check frock. Lord and Lady Churston were together. Mrs. Donald Cameron brought her sister-in-law, Miss Pixie Cameron, with her. The latter looking extremely well in pale blue, and much thinner.

MRS. PEEPS

Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth, who broke the air speed-record in 1931 by flying over four hundred miles an hour, was also at Mrs. Lucas's party



Prince Milo of Montenegro was yet another of Mrs. Lucas's guests. He went on to Almina Lady Carnarvon's huge party at the Ritz

Right: Léonide Massine and Hélène Kirsova in "Choreartium," the ballet which is described as a choreographic symphony, and in which the music is from Brahms' Fourth Symphony, and the choreography by Massine himself

Below: The fascinating Alexandra Danilova in her "Beau Danube" costume. It is almost impossible to believe that this brilliant dancer, so finished in every movement, possessed of so mature and even sophisticated an intelligence, is barely half-way through her 'teens

Alexandra Danilova

Léonide Massine and Hélène Kirsova

Tamara Toumanova and David Lichine

Goldberg, N.Y.

Trio in "Le Beau Danube"

ıdra Danilova, Edouard Borovansky, and Jan in the character ballet, "Le Beau Danube," with its well-loved music by Johann Strauss, y story, and its authentic pre-war Viennese ıhere, is one of the most popular of all the ballets

: a fine camera study of Tamara Toumanova, ider of the very young premières danseuses of Ballets Russes, and David Lichine, who is onsible for the choreography of several of the ballets. These two appear together in horeartium," which was performed three ıs last week and was new last year

Eugène Delarova

: Eugène Delarova is wearing her dress for ola di Ballo," which is being done for the ime this year on Thursday. Delarova is, in e life. Mme. Massine, Léonide Massine's wife

Irina Baronova and Yurek Shabelevsky

Irina Baronova and Yurek Shabelevsky are two more of the dancers who appear in "Le Beau Danube" at Covent Garden. The ballet season is to be prolonged this year, as it had to be for week after week last year, when Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes filled the Alhambra during the 1933 heat-wave

The Russian Conquerors of London

Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes

Photographs by Sasha

Charity Party

Some of the Guests at the Dockland Settlements Ball

Left : Prince George arriving with Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Lady Ravensdale. He dined with Countess Paul Munster, who with Lady Ravensdale and Mrs. Frank Braham, organised the Ball which was held at the Dorchester

Below : the Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn and the Hon. David Herbert, Lord Pembroke's second son, talking between dances

Mrs. James Corrigan and Count Paul Munster at supper. Countess Paul Munster, as one of the organisers, had a large party

Miss Susan Corbett, who is engaged to Mr. Edward Ward, the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward's elder son, is talking to Lord Herbert. The Ball was in aid of the Dockland Settlements and the Highways Clubs of Stepney

Frank Shields, the American tennis star, who was defeated in five noble sets with Crawford in the semi-finals at Wimbledon, is studying the ball programme, with Lady Brecknock

A general view of the cricket match between Canford School and Eton Ramblers, the latter batting. In the background is the main building, in which is the fine thirteenth-century hall

Speech Day at Canford School

Personalities and Incidents at the Celebration

Below: Dr. E. K. Le Fleming (Chairman of the B.M.A.), the Rev. C. B. Canning, M.A. (Headmaster), and the Rt. Hon. Lord Dawson of Penn, whose wife presented the prizes, watching the Swedish Drill Display. Canford School, founded in 1923, was previously the home of Lord Wimborne, and stands in an enclosed park of 300 acres. There are three hundred and fifty boys in the school

Sara and Ela Canning, two of the daughters of the Rev. C. B. Canning, the Headmaster, who appear to be thoroughly enjoying the Speech Day celebrations

A feature of Speech Day was the trick riding, by the boys, on horses which are less static than those usually to be found in a gymnasium

Below: A. L. Palmer receives the cup, on behalf of Beaumont House, from the donor, the Countess de Mezaubran, the noted horse-woman

Left: Lady Lambart walking across the paddock at Sandown Park with Mr. Bevan

Above: Mrs. Archie Hay, Major Greenlees and Miss Stanley watching the numbers go up

Left: three well-known owners, Lord Portman, Lord Glanely, and Lord Queenborough, in conference

Photographs by S. E. K. Richardson

Racing at Sandown Park

A Racing Reverie:

Sensitive Souls!

By "Regular"

THE rider of a beaten favourite recently should thank his lucky stars that he's not a cricketer, as I shudder to think what my old friend "Long Stop" would have had to say about him.

As I told you last week, my colleagues in the Press box at Lord's and elsewhere, can and do say exactly what they think about the players; but Uncle Regular may only write of the jockeys' glorious achievements, and when one of these little rays of sunshine falls short of the exceptionally high standard he has set himself, or, in other words, rides a lousy race, I must on no account refer to it.

JUST for a moment, however, I am going to pretend I am "Long Stop," and describe the race as he would do, though, of course, I may not mention the jockey's name. So we will call him Blank.

"BLANK rode very well, going to post; he often does. If he had ridden as well on the return journey we should have won our money. He was well away, but before they had gone half-way he began to pull his mount back, and eventually landed himself in the sort of tangle that Houdini used to revel in getting himself out of; and the bookmakers offered 10—1, and, believe me, it looked a stingy price.

"A FURLONG or so from home our friend thought that it was time he did something about it, and, after threading his way hither and thither, he very luckily found himself with a clear run; and, just to show that, decently ridden, he would have been the certainty of the century, the horse put in such a run that he was only narrowly beaten.

"If Blank is a knave and was not having a go, it was one of the most artistic pieces of stopping I have ever seen, and I take my hat off to him.

"IF, on the other hand, Blank was doing his best, it was one of the most lamentable exhibitions I have ever seen. A knave is infinitely preferable to a fool, so I hope he pulled it."—I will once more remind you that the above was all written by Uncle Longstop, and that Uncle Regular, the toast of the weighing-room, disapproves of every word of it.

A HOT favourite ran inexplicably badly not very long ago; so badly did it run that I thought something must have happened to it; so, later in the day, when I happened to meet its jockey in the paddock, I asked him if there was any excuse for him. He replied by asking me if I had a pair of eyes in my head.

I ONLY repeat this story because it is so very unusual to find a jockey anything but quite delightful, and most helpful to the members of the Press. Gordon Richards, Steve Donoghue, Harry Wragg, Michael Beary, Freddy Fox and Bob Jones, to mention just a few, are always the very soul of courtesy. I never ask a jockey a question before a race, but frequently I like to hear his story after it has been run. My advice to this particular jockey is "Don't be beastly to the Press, or one day the Press might be beastly to you."

MAY I also humbly suggest to certain trainers that they should ascertain before a race whether a horse is sound and in a fit condition to run.

No one can help a horse falling lame during a race, but there seems no excuse for running one which was lame beforehand; and the belief that it might run itself sound strikes me as very similar to sitting down to a large dinner with a stomach-ache.

RACING on the July Course has always been a delightful pastime for the members of the Private Stand, and next year the denizens of Tattersalls and the cheaper enclosure will also be able to race in comfort.

THE Jockey Club were perfectly right in that they first considered the comfort of their members, and when they found that, after supplying them with new stands, they still had a "bit of brass" to spend, they were even more right in spending it on their less fortunate brethren.

THE weather was all that could be desired, and although the results were decidedly unpleasant, everybody seemed happy and contented in the shade of the plantation. H.M. the King was present, and he always appears to be enjoying his racing more on this course than anywhere else.

HIS MAJESTY takes a great interest in the racing, and we all hoped that The Abbot would enable us to cheer a Royal victory in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap; but, just when we were preparing to remove our hats from our overheated brows, he faltered and was passed, first by Royal Athlone and then by Grindleton, who, very well ridden by Joe Childs, won a great race.

LORD DERBY won the last race of the day on the Wednesday with Sanda, and as he left the stand His Majesty remarked: "That's good, for Eddy hasn't won a race for months."

THE racing on the first two days was extremely moderate and backers lost steadily, the one redeeming feature being the victory of Winandermere, who, ridden by Gordon Richards, "trotted up" for the Stud Produce Stakes in the colours of a very enthusiastic lady in Mrs. Glorney.

Between 'hands'

No matter how the cards may fall, you can be sure of a 'handful of trumps' on one occasion (if not more) during the evening—provided you give the *correct* '*call*'. . .

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. *Gilbert Cousland*

"A spot of Lunch, a glass of Beer, and Thou."

Miss Heather Thatcher and Mr. Owen Nares at the Monseigneur.

Golf Clubs at Home

A Day at the Cuddington Golf Club (Banstead), Surrey

(1) A. J. Leworthy (Committeeman) and V. G. Barnett. (2) N. Baines (ex-Captain) and C. Courtnay Hardwick (ex-Captain). (3) A. E. H. E. Letts (the present Captain) and Capt. H. W. Parker (Secretary). (4) T. C. Harrison and H. A. Oughton. (5) W. J. Browning and L. Sinclair. (6) F. W. Le Grove and A. E. Duncan (Committeeman). (7) E. Morris-Gibson and J. Hamilton Hart. (8) E. W. Wykes and W. B. Winfield. (9) V. Denness and J. Denness

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Tom Brown and Judith Allen in Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour," a Paramount film, directed by Henry Hathaway

"The Witching Hour"

At this time of year there are so many attractions extra to the Cinema—sporting events, sunshiny or moonshiny occasions, that the purveyors of film fare naturally hesitate to waste their best upon the deserted air, and the quality and quantity of new films of any particular interest inevitably depreciates. This is depressing for the critic who wants to expatiate excitedly upon discoveries and delights, but actually the current productions appear to satisfy the evidently enervated habituals who find sedentary sanctuary in the cinemas. And there are the "stayers."

That delightful Gable and Colbert picture, *It Happened One Night*, is repeating its Tivoli success at the Marble Arch Pavilion. *Ever Green's* leaves were not withered by the drought; George Arliss should keep *The House of Rothschild* at the Tivoli up to, if not through, the arid Augustan period.

Among the "novelties" there is a curious film, entitled, with incredible ineptitude, *The Witching Hour*, which purports to deal seriously, and yet dramatically, with hypnosis and murder by suggestion. Brookfield, the proprietor of a gambling house, possesses telepathic and hypnotic powers. He *knows* when the police are going to raid his place and shuts up in time. He *knows* what cards are held by his opponent and therefore dare not gamble. He discovers that the boy who is going to marry his daughter is inexplicably affected and terrified by the cat's-eye onyx in a ring he wears. After a violent interview with a crook lawyer who tried to "frame" him, in which he tells him he ought to be shot dead, Brookfield returns to the boy and tries to reason him out of his terror. He is evidently momentarily mesmerised but apparently cured, and takes the ring away with him. Next day he once more comes under the influence of the cat's eye, and, acting unconsciously on the thought in the other man's mind, shoots the crook. The big scene of the film is during the boy's trial for murder, when, as a last throw, the gambler-hypnotist succeeds in gradually breaking down the ribald scepticism of the court and making the gross and cynical foreman of the jury pick up the revolver ("Exhibit A") and fire at the district attorney. Earnestness of treatment and acting cover a multitude of incredibilities, but I doubt if this is a very "popular" subject. Excellent acting by Sir Guy Standing and John Halliday. Retrospective sentimentality about the old lawyer's love for the boy's grandmother is outside the psychological content, and a pity.

"The Loves of Ariane" has arrived at the Rialto, and, although I have already mentioned this film, I must remind you that it is another exploitation of Elisabeth Bergner's art and allure by her director-husband, Paul Czinner. . . . A young Russian girl deceives her English lover by inventing previous adventures because he tells her he would not make love to a virgin. He takes and leaves her lightly. After a reunion he regrets that he was not the only man in her life, and when she tells him the truth, with the inconsistency of screen lovers, he would leave her again, but escape-me-never tactics prevail. Bergner is charming but not transcendant, and Percy Marmont is much too heavy for the come-and-go lover. It would have taken Paul Lukas to put the part over.

"Moulin Rouge," the new Constance Bennett picture, has also been noticed and is not worthy of much more attention. She takes the dual parts of a sister act. First, dark, dowdy and married to Franchot Tone, who objects to her return to the stage. Then, metamorphised by peroxide and a French accent (a reasonable imitation of the feather-loving Gaby Deslys), doubling for the other half of the act, who has become a Continental star and has personal and personable reasons for absenting herself. The best line: "It 's impossible to be unfair to a sister act." (Poor Dollies!)

A new Mickey Mouse film has been Press shown and may be before the public by the time this is published. It shows Mickey in the rôle of a Gulliver, bound and tormented by a multitude of minute creatures. His defence against their massed military attack is one of the most brilliant things Disney has ever done. There is, thank heaven, no diminution in his inventive genius.

A British picture deserving commendation is the Radio film called *Music Hall*: this should make excellent holiday entertainment. The story, such as it is, is the decline and resuscitation by its old proprietor (George Carne) of a provincial music-hall. This leads up to a brilliant variety show (with intelligently photographed back-stage effects). The turns include the Sherman Fisher Girls, G. H. Elliott, Eve Chapman, Chester's Dogs, Macari and His Dutch Serenaders, etc., all excellent in their way, while Debroy Somers and his band add to the "pep" and swing with which the whole thing is carried through.

Left: Gulliver Mickey

Six scenes from Walt Disney's latest Mickey Mouse fantasy in which he re-creates Defoe in his own inimitable style, sending Mickey, the modern Gulliver, to do battle with a myriad miniature enemies

The two Captains: Mr. M. J. P. Lacy, and the Hon. R. Anson (Harrow Wanderers)

Sir Pierce Lacy and Lord Remnant, one of the eleven playing for Sir Pierce's team

Country House Cricket

Sir Pierce Lacy's XI v. Harrow Wanderers, at Ampton Hall, Bury St. Edmunds

Sir George Agnew (left) and Mr. John Wood (right), spectators at Ampton Hall

Miss E. L. Lacy, Miss V. Lacy, Mrs Maurice Lacy and Mrs. McNab, four feminine spectators interested in the cricket

Lady Lacy, the wife of Sir Pierce Lacy, was also an interested spectator. Their son was the captain

Capt. and Mrs. E. R. D. Elias, Miss Betty Cox and Mr. J. G. Hopton, who played for the Harrow Wanderers

Air-Minded People at Hendon

The Social Side of the R.A.F. Display

Left: Miss Jeanne Stourton with Mrs. Adrian Bethell in the enclosure

Above: Lord Allerton, who used to be in the Coldstream Guards, walking round at Hendon with Mrs. Whitelaw

Left: Captain Christie and Miss Constantia Rumbold were two more of the 150,000 spectators who watched this year's display in bright sunshine

Princess Ileana of Roumania and Lady Willoughby de Broke are both keenly air-minded, and fly a good deal themselves

Wing-Commander and Mrs. Keith Park

Major and Mrs. John Musker

Mr. Waldon and Lady Forres

A Portfolio of Fashion — assembled by Jean Burnup

Vera Borea's dress in heavy white crêpe demands perfection, or almost, in back, arms, neck and shoulders.

The bodice began by being demurely high at the throat, changed its mind, was slashed nearly to the waist. It is held up, sun-bib fashion, with a scarf tying back of the neck, and clever, drawn in tightness at the sides and back of the waist

NEWS FROM PARIS

JEAN PATOU shows linens for every hour of the day and night. . . . Even for bathing . . . Natural-coloured linens are smarter than white . . . Evening gown in blue linen has golden lamé flowers in the weave . . . Backs barer than ever . . . And now, bare waists for evening gowns, a kind of elaborate brassière bodice just joins the skirt in front, with a small twist of material in the middle, to remind you that the two are related . . . Evening capes of flat cock's feathers have one pretty wing resting over each shoulder . . . Sometimes there is a curly edging of feathers round the throat . . . Leather belts, patent and suède, worn with evening dresses . . . Two types of skirt, one very full, inclined to emphasise the hips in organdies and soft printed silks; one very tight, straight, and slit at the hem . . . Waspy colours predominate; a lot of bright yellow used with black . . . Buttons made of coloured string, curled round and round and round . . . Evening toeless sandal in dull white sequins and floral design, in red, black and green . . . Garden flowers competing with orchids and gardenias for a place on the shoulder, throat or waist . . .

Sales

Harrods -	To July 14
Peter Robinson	To July 21
Woollands -	To July 25
Marshall & Snelgrove	To July 26
Harvey Nichols	To July 28

Diary

Debenham & Freebody	-	To July 21
Gorringes	- - -	To July 21
Elizabeth Arden	- -	To July 14

Twenty-five per cent. off all wraps, lingerie and novelties from her model collection.

Studd and Millington	- -	To July 14

Thirty-three and a-third per cent. off all ready-to-wear coats and suits.

Woollands are selling evening gowns at less than half price. The beauty in cherry chiffon, below, has the Spanish silhouette of the moment. Six guineas.

The evening wrap is ring velvet, with fascinating sleeves. Its ticket took a jump down to five guineas.

and

OXFORD CIRCUS

THERE are at least a thousand ways of saving money this week at Harrods, and only space to show you four. They read from left to right on the first page:

Two-piece in heavy crêpe. High neck cowl with cellophane posy. A good line. Down to five pounds.

Romantic evening-dress in printed chiffon. It has frills, a sash, flowers at waist. Three pounds.

Evening two-piece in printed crêpe. The clever train to the skirt and the ruched neck and puff sleeves of the taffeta coat show that quaintness and sophistication mix very well.

If you buy furs now you get two-fold reductions—summer and sale price. This coat, which clings and hangs like velvet, is beautifully worked cocoa squirrel and fox. Thirty guineas (it was fifty-five).

The first two sketches on this page are typical reductions from Peter Robinson model gowns. Long coat and dress in novelty marocain. The dress is particularly good, with a soft side-frill and paste clips at neck and waist. Six guineas.

An evening dress and coat for the older woman. The severe line slims, and has distinction. Nine guineas.

Exit the Real Sticky Wicket!

By "Finger-Spin"

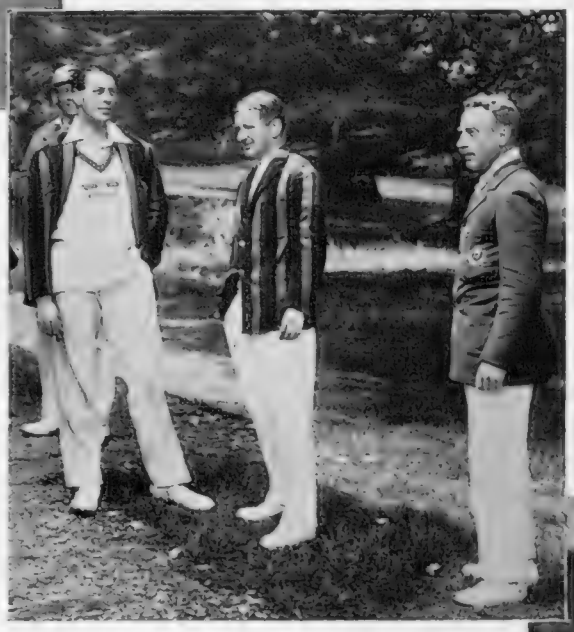
The Captains and the Coin

J. H. Pawle (Harrow) and P. L. Richards (Charterhouse), the two rival Captains, tossing for choice of innings

THE failure of the Australian batsmen to adapt themselves to the conditions at Lord's on the third day of the Test Match, after rain had fallen during the week-end, was not altogether unexpected; but their friends who know the play of the younger members of the team best were not prepared for such a complete collapse. Apart from Woodfull, and, in a lesser degree, McCabe and Chipperfield, their batsmen seemed to be worried more at what the pitch might do than at what it actually did do.

IN the days before the habit of covering the pitch was introduced, it was always said that, if you wanted to see a glue-pot wicket at its most gluey, you had to go to Melbourne when the sun was shining after rain. This, it was declared, was infinitely more fiendish than anything which could be produced in this country. The great Australian batsmen of those days then had some knowledge of the technique of playing real spin-bowlers in the worst possible conditions, and an eventuality such as occurred in this last match at Lord's would not have been regarded as insurmountable. The plain truth is that there are now no longer any such phenomena in this country as real out-and-out sticky wickets. It would demand the training of a professor of analytical chemistry to explain the exact reaction of the modern English wicket to rain, so complex is its make up. Certainly the ball does not now take spin either so easily or so quickly, even when a hot sun follows a period of rain, and the attacking side jump with joy at the thought of tumbling their opponents out. But if the ball does not behave in the extravagant manner which the bowler had hoped it would, in nine cases out of ten the batsman has it in the back of his head that it will do so.

CAREFUL observation of Verity, when he was sweeping the Australians aside on that joyous Monday afternoon, showed that he was not, in fact, turning the ball very much; nor indeed does he ever do so. He made it bite sufficiently so that it reared a little, but his triumph, and it was a great one, lay in the fact that almost invariably he pitched it exactly on the chosen spot, and throughout controlled its flight. He made the batsmen, who were continually in doubt as to how far up the ball was coming to them, play the very stroke he intended them to play. This was an undecided back stroke, often with a not over-straight bat, because they were hurried, to a ball turning just a shade from leg and finishing in the hands of one of three greedy slip-fieldsmen. Occasionally, to disturb them, he sent down a slightly faster ball which went with his arm across the wicket to the leg stump. There were no frills about his bowling; no nonsense of trying to bowl over the wicket on the chance of a problematical catch at deep square-leg, but sheer, honest left-handed bowling, making full use of the bowling crease and the return crease.



Speech Day at Canford School

Mr. George Newman, the Middlesex County cricketer, and Mr. B. Hill-Wood and Col. Brander, who played for Eton Ramblers v. Canford School

THERE were immediate discussions in which comparisons were made between his bowling and that of the great men of former days, such as Rhodes, Blythe, Peel, Peate and Briggs, comparisons which mean as little as when an enthusiast suddenly comes out with the statement that Bradman is a better batsman than W. G. Grace, or vice-versa. Verity is faster through the air than was either Rhodes or Blythe, to take the two greatest of more recent times. He does not attempt to spin the ball as much as either of these two illustrious men, but like them, and like every other successful left-handed bowler, he is a master of flighting the ball, tempting the batsman to play a stroke to where he thought the ball would pitch, but where actually it did not pitch. To see Blythe, in the great days of Kent cricket, when they had a side of all the talents—and that mostly composed of amateurs—was to marvel at his craft, the manner in which fieldsmen were moved ever so little deeper, closer in or wider, to complete the skill of some slight variation of spin, flight or pace by Blythe, was truly to see the art of cricket at its very highest.

IT is fatuous, as well as impolite, to suggest that the bowlers of to-day are less intelligent than they were in the years before the war; but, for all that, how often now do you see a bowler deliberately planning for a batsman to be caught from a named stroke to a named part of the outfield? That scheming for a catch in the deep—not merely waiting for a blind hitter to be out to a false stroke—was such tremendous fun.

THERE are two points of view which prevent such supposedly indecent behaviour in the sedate conduct of so-called first-class cricket to-day; firstly, the indignity which even a medium-paced bowler would suffer at the very suggestion that anyone should dream of hitting him into the deep-field; and second, the prevalent idea among batsmen that the ball should always be kept along the ground, that "it is not done" to hit it in the air. It is obviously unfair, although it is a common fault in an argument as to the merits of the present and past generation, to take as examples of former days the very best players of that time. Their names are handed down because they were outstanding, and you cannot expect contemporary cricket to be bristling with W.G.s, Ranjis, Jessops or Maclarens. "When everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody." But it is proper to suggest that the great men then did set an example which the young men could strive to follow. How many of the biggest run-makers in this country now would you hold up as an example to a young man? Answer it judiciously, as would a father who would like to see his son become a true cricketer.

House Cricket at Bury St. Edmunds

Mr. A. Benn and Mr. G. R. Jackson going out to bat for the Harrow Wanderers in their match against Sir Pierce Lacy's XI. at Ampton Hall

Things Seen at the Open Championship at Royal St. George's : By H. H. Harris

George Gadd both before and after lunch

Left: Henry Cotton, on his last round, was suffering from excessive portions of spaghetti and ice creams

Alfred Padgham's very cheery smile

Macdonald Smith hooking one round the "Maiden"

Gene Sarazen, looking at Henry Cotton's score—what's this, a Tom Thumb's course

Joe Kirkwood seen above playing a trick shot out of the rough

Percy Alliss dislikes the strong sea-breezes

Sandy Herd, suffering from "rheumatics," unable to get in his usual number of waggles before striking

Alfred Perry bounding up the fairways

S. F. Brews' fine golf

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Arlen in Strange Mood

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN has hitherto been famous as a rather precious, rather shallow, extremely clever commentator on the foibles and follies, on the lovelets and sinlets, of a tiny group of unimportant people. The chronicler of Mayfair, the tittle-tattler of Belgravia, he has acquired a certain reputation. Now he has suddenly launched out into something new, with a short, long-short story called *Hell! Said the Duchess* (Heinemann; 6s.). It is only a hundred and eighty short pages, but it contains much food for reflection. The theme is a hideous series of murders by a woman, nicknamed by the Press "Jane the Ripper," in the year 1938. Young men were found atrociously stabbed and mutilated in various parts of London, and the police were baffled. Suspicion fell upon the fair, chaste, modest, retiring widow, Mary Duchess of Dover. The evidence against her was very strong, except that it was obviously absurd and impossible that she should have committed such frightful crimes. But the mob demanded an arrest, and the wildest rumours began to circulate that the police were sheltering the criminal because she was a Duchess. Riots broke out. Grosvenor Square was wrecked, and, finally, a very brave man, Colonel Wingless, V.C., helped Scotland Yard to arrive at a very strange and very terrible solution.

Mr. Michael Arlen is in two moods in *Hell! Said the Duchess*. For two-thirds of the book he shows himself as a brilliant wit, shooting off ironical comments, shrewd and satirical observations, and delicious epigrams. For example, of the Commissioner of Police: "It was of General Prest-Olive that Maréchal Foch was reported to have said: 'It is soldiers like Prest-Olive who almost unite the English and French armies in affection for the Belgians.'" And, again: "His wife was one of the Leicestershire ffox-Vermins, and he had to like it."

I confess that I had no idea that Mr. Arlen was capable of this lovely froth, and I laughed loud and long at page after page. Then, suddenly, came the climax, written in the second mood. From light and airy fun the reader is flung suddenly into a welter of monstrous crimes and more-than-half-suggested depths of vice and perversion. Sadism, vampirism, flagellation, are among the lesser foulnesses. It is as if Bram Stoker and the Marquis de Sade and Gilles de Rais had combined to re-write the less pleasing parts of *Jekyll and Hyde*. The impact on the reader is startling, as if a careless publisher had bound up half-a-dozen pages of *Salome* into *The Importance of Being Earnest*. I do not remember being so disillusioned in a book for years. Anyone can go down into the Pit, if so minded, but how few can blow a bubble.

"THE RED BEAST" is a historical novel by Mr. Francis Gérard (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.). It is about the death-grapple between Rome and Carthage in the third century B.C., when Hannibal, the greatest military genius of history, marched up and down Italy for sixteen years with fire and sword, and the western world was within an inch of bowing before Moloch and Astarte and Baal, instead of embracing Christianity. If it had not been for the indomitable spirit of those old Romans, for the skilful tactics of the great Delayer, and for the genius of young Scipio, England to-day might be inhabited by a race of North-African Semites. It is, of course, inevitable to compare *The Red Beast* with Flaubert's *Salambo*, and Mr. Gérard would, I am sure, be the first to acknowledge the debt. But *The Red Beast* has strong merits of its own. It is readable from first word to last—with the exception of some rather horrible brutalities in the middle about the flogging of the slaves and the sacrificing of small children to Moloch. The description of the killing of Hasdrubal, and the catapulting of his head into Hannibal's camp is most dramatically told, and there is a very fine description of the elephant charge at the fateful battle of Zama, and how the Romans blew a terrific blast of trumpets that frightened the elephants back to throw the Carthaginian ranks into irretrievable confusion. *The Red Beast* is definitely well worth reading.

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA has contributed an essay on *The Hundred Days* (1815) to Mr. Peter Davies' series of Great Occasions. It must be recorded at once that Mr. Guedalla is rapidly shedding himself of those maddening mannerisms of style which used to drive so many admirers of his wit and his learning to the very gates of Colney Hatch. This essay is written simply and straightforwardly. It is an immortal tale—this bid of a stoutish, middle-aged gentleman for an Empire in the teeth of all Europe. Mr. Guedalla has little new to contribute: how could there be very much new about the saga in these days?—but he gathers up a lot of threads from the best spinners of threads, and weaves them into a complete tale. Pedants would object—as a certain silly pedant objected to me the other day—that Mr. Guedalla makes history readable. The same crime may be laid to Mr. John Buchan's door. Napoleon himself made history into literature, and also into drama. Is there any moment in history more excitingly dramatic than the meeting between the stoutish little man and the 5th Regiment of the Line at Laffray? "If there is one of you," the even voice went on; "who would kill his Emperor, here I am."

Sasha

Ruby M. Ayres in "Ayres Corner" of her library at Rest Harrow, her home at St. George's Hill, Surrey

GEOFFREY BLES have published a second volume of Lord Oxford's *Letters to a Friend* (10s. 6d.), edited by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. The first series of these letters covered the years from 1915-22; this second volume is from 1922 to 1927. In reading these letters, one is impressed, as one always is when reading anything about "Mr. A", with the feeling that this was a man of a type that will seldom be seen again. A statesman and a philosopher, a wit and a scholar, full of a gentle humour and a kindly tolerance, he could discuss high finance with the Governors of the Bank of England and return to his beloved P. G. Wodehouse; he could revel in "catching his drives and sending the longish approach putts time after time within six inches of the hole," and could accept with calm good-humour the defeat by Lord Cave in the election for the Chancellorship of Oxford University, when the University displayed a narrow and partisan spirit and refused to elect the man whom Lord Birkenhead, though a political opponent, described as "the greatest living Oxonian."

Mr. MacCarthy, it is needless to say, once again has proved his quality as an editor.

"Woman Reclining" is one of the exhibits in A. Gibbons Grinling's show, at Tooth's Galleries, which demonstrate his new treatment of various woods in sculpture. Mr. Grinling, who is a sculptor only in his spare time, designed the bas-reliefs in the Cambridge Theatre in conjunction with Serge Chermayeff

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Honours Easy with France

DEAR BYSTANDER—

SOMEHOW, after Cotton's grand victory at Sandwich, golfers seem to have had a childlike faith that everything was going to be all right again for British golfers in anything they might do. The chances of our women's team in France were included in the general optimism, and so it came as a nasty blow when we only managed a halved match, 4½ points all. I have just been meeting some of the team on their arrival at Victoria, rather sleepy still, after the most excellent evening they were given as a send-off—dinner at the Golfers' Club in Paris, and then such divertissements as the Gay City knows best how to provide. Sleepy as they were, they were still enthusiastic over their good time: "Enjoyed every minute of it" was the verdict; and if some thought we might have won if the tees had been stretched a bit more, the general opinion was, evidently, that the French had an extremely good side, who quite deserved to beat us. Only those on the spot can say whether that is truth, humility, politeness, or excuses, and only those who watched the play can venture an opinion as to whether we had chosen the right team, or whether some of those who were left out would have done any better. What we had better realise once and for all is that France is producing young golfers every whit as fine as our own; that they learn the game systematically, and nowadays bring every endowment, mental or physical, that we can ourselves, except, perhaps, proverbial British phlegm. And, personally, I am not so sure that any champion is, or should be, phlegmatic; it is too big a point to argue here and now, but we will come back to it some week when there is less of immediate concern to discuss. The time is gone, dead and buried, when we can think of France as less formidable than America, and the sooner we make up our minds to that fact, the better. The French girls are not, taken as a whole, so consistently long as ours, though Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg is longer; but there was any amount of run on the ball at Chantilly, and the beautiful greens, on which you could apparently pitch with certainty and putt with confidence, gave them every chance to make the most of the really finished short game which is their strongest weapon. Nobody complained that the day of the match was too hot; some of them may have found it a little on the stuffy side the afternoon before, when they were absorbed in the interest of seeing over the chateau, but the match itself was played under delightful conditions, cool enough for one presumably hardy Scot to stick to her cardigan all through!

IT seems that Mrs. Holm and Miss Barton made an excellent pair when they beat Mme. Lacoste and Mlle. de Gunzbourg on the last green in the top foursome; one can well believe that our Open Champion and runner-up would have a very inspiring opinion of each other's powers, after that Porthcawl final. Miss Fishwick and Miss Morgan were in great form; 7 and 6 from Mmmes. Munier and Decugis was great going. Miss Dorothy Pearson and Miss Jestyn Jefferies had a good combination of steadiness and brilliance against them from Mme. Vagliano and Mlle. Monique Fay, and lost 2 down, and that was the foursomes 2 to 1 in Great Britain's favour. Mrs. Holm gave us a good start in the singles, taking her chances right nobly; but Mme. Lacoste did not win our own Open in 1927 for nothing; extra experience got her home 2 and 1 from Miss Pam Barton. Then came Miss Fishwick's gallant half with Mlle. Tollon, the young golfer that we all raved about last year at St. George's Hill. France went dormy to the last hole, and Miss Fishwick got down in one putt—a four-yarder at that—to win the hole and halve the match. Great work! I don't seem to have heard anything about how it was Miss Morgan lost to Mme. Munier; I only know that Mme. Munier was French Close Champion when she was Mlle. Gaveau; that she beat Miss Fishwick last year at St. George's, and that this Chantilly win of hers was just revenge on the beating Miss Morgan gave her when they met in the first International at Oxhey. Miss Wade need not be discouraged at her loss to Mlle. Fay, though it was rather tragic to hear of how she first fluffed a little chip, and then was right over the green, at the last hole, and so lost it to a 6 when British hopes, seeing Mlle. Fay in the trees and Miss Wade practically home in two, had high hopes of something better. However, these things will happen, and Miss Couper happily reversed the process at the 17th, where, after bunkering herself near the green, she got out near enough for one putt to win hole and match for her.

So we lost the singles 2½ to 3½ only, and the whole day was halved. I wonder what happens to that exquisite Vagliano Cup: presumably each country will hold it for six months. I gather that the real winner of the whole proceedings was the British non-playing captain, Miss Lloyd-Williams, for at the dinner she did what none of our captains have achieved hitherto—she returned thanks in French. We all know that she can make a first-rate speech in English, but it is grand hearing that our hosts pronounced this to be not only an excellent speech, but also excellent French, and were delighted.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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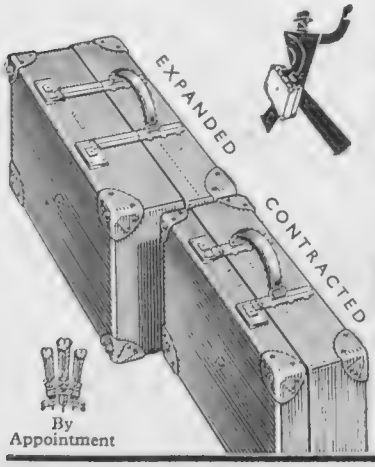

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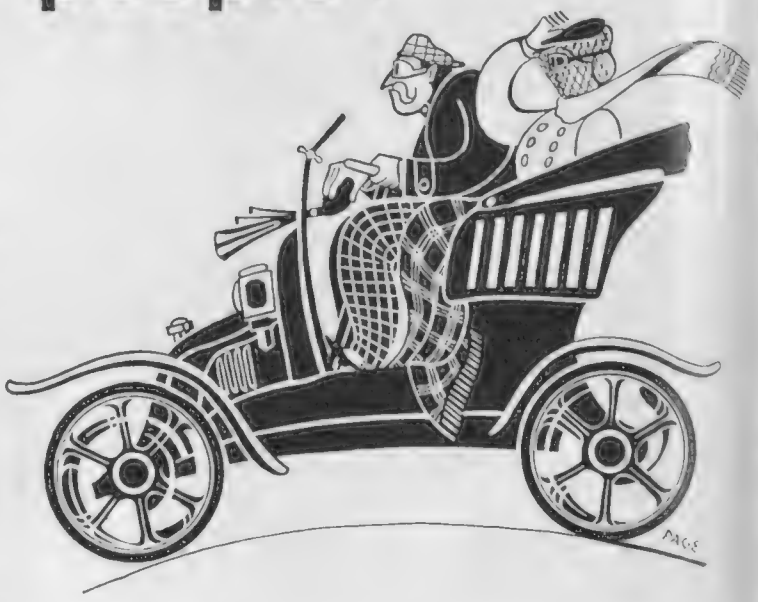

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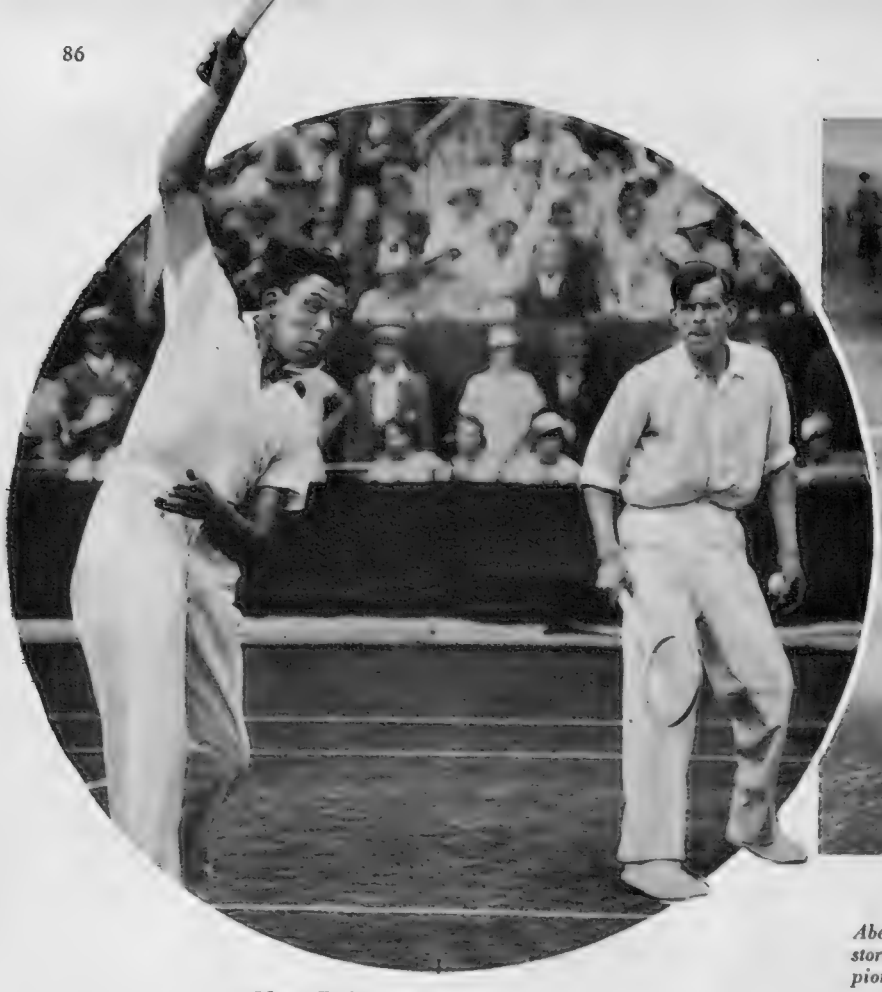


A New Pair

F. H. D. Wilde and I. G. Collins, who entered the fourth round of the Doubles at Wimbledon by beating W. L. Breese and Captain J. Clynton Reed by 5—7, 6—1, 6—3, 4—6, 6—2

Flood During Drought

Abe Mitchell putting on the second green when, thanks to a storm, it was under water, in the British Open Golf Championships on the Royal St. George's Course at Sandwich

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

My thoughts have been running on the money side of sport, because of the various guesses that have been made of the cash value of Henry Cotton's victory in the British Open Golf Championship. Just what jam the new title-holder gets out of Sandwich remains to be seen, of course, but I must say that I don't think for one moment that he is going to make such a fortune as some people would have it.

There will be additions to his income which would not be forthcoming had he finished well down the list of competitors——that is certain. But no longer is the British "Open" the money-spinner that it was. I would put the figure at between £5000 and £10,000.

Walter Hagen was, of course, one of the first men to realise how well he could "cash in" on a championship victory. Then Gene Sarazen gave it out that he expected to make a cool £30,000, after he won the title a few years back. And Bobby Jones, as we all know, got somewhere near the £100,000 mark after his great run of victories over here and in the States. Film-making, article-writing, and a fat contract of some £5000 a year with a golfing equipment firm brought Jones—the amateur!—an income that staggered the mere professional.

But I gather that the bottom has now been knocked out of the market. Hagen, Sarazen, and Jones won the "Open" during boom years. Since the slump there are no fortunes going begging for the title-holder. And this fact, let it be said, will be very convincingly confirmed by Densmore Shute, the American who held the Championship before Cotton blazed his way around Sandwich the other day. A friend on the inside of things in the golfing world tells me that Shute was very disappointed over the financial returns from his victory a year ago.

What big money there is for Cotton lies in America. But, for the present, the British Champion is not looking to the Golden West; as a matter of fact, I understand he will be remaining at the Waterloo Club, at Brussels, for a year or so.

By the way, the fact that Cotton is professional to a Belgian club sets me thinking of the Gilbertian situation which will arise when we come to send a team to America to have another crack at the Ryder Cup. Under the Cup rules, Cotton's residence in Belgium precludes him from playing for Great Britain!

So we have the absurd position of a *real* British champion—the first for years—ineligible to represent his country. What 's to be done about it? Well, I 've a feeling at the back of my mind that we 're going to see a change in the rules: public opinion, if nothing else, will demand Cotton's presence.

Having poached on the preserves of my golf-writing colleague, I will beat a retreat and get back to my opening text—the money side of sport. Well, when it comes to cash, the name of young Jack Petersen looms large on the horizon. Jeff Dickson will tell you, in his more confiding moments, of the boxing "houses" that Jack built, for the young Welshman is the best gate-drawing personality in British prize-fighting to-day.

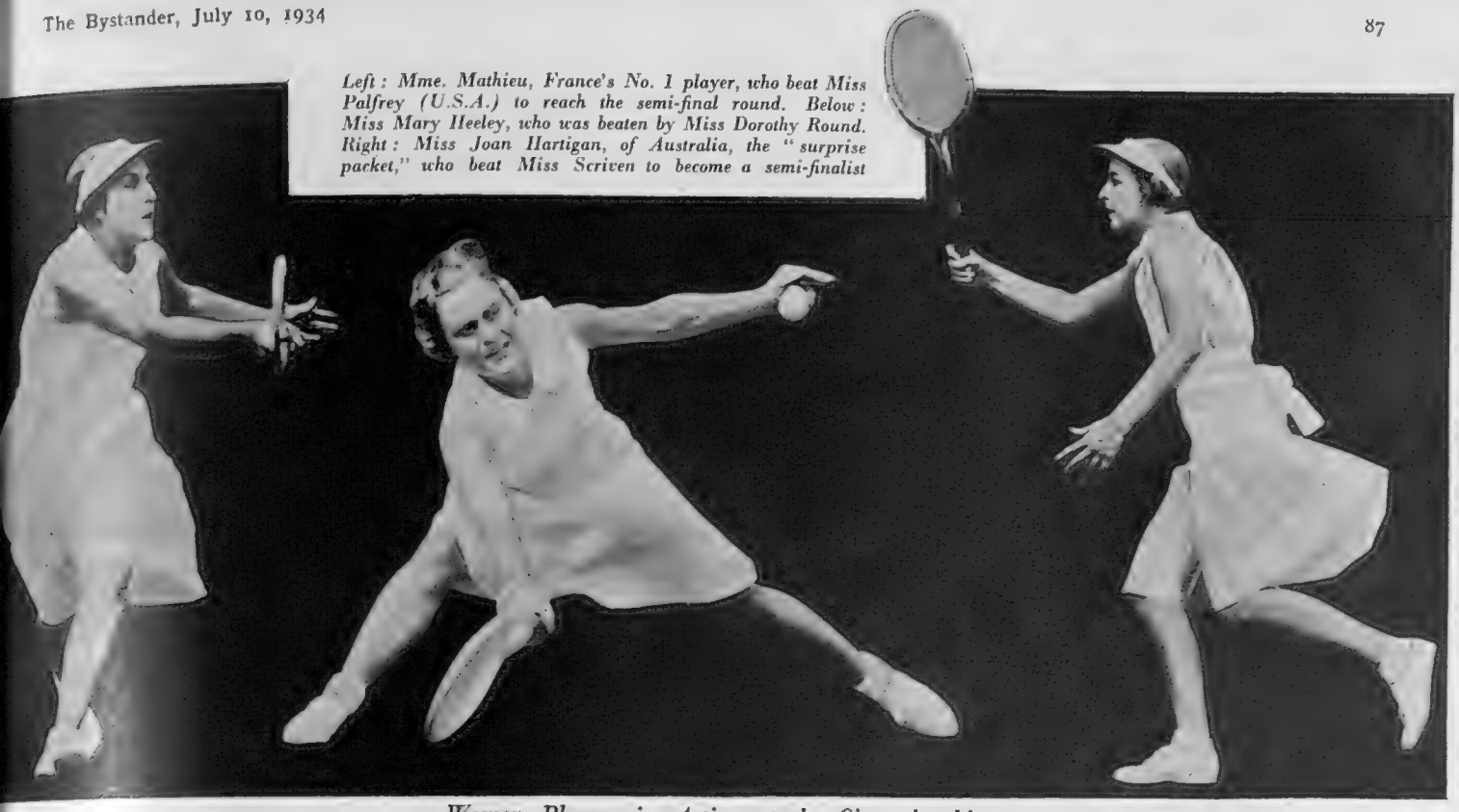
And now we have America bidding for Petersen's services. Fight-promoters on the other side of the Atlantic see in Petersen a potential gold-mine; so here they are, trying to get the British heavy-weight Champion to go over for a match with Max Baer. Now, I 'm not going to argue that a Petersen-Baer contest for the world's title wouldn't be a million-dollar affair, so far as attendance receipts went. It would. But I do say that Petersen would be very unwise to risk an American trip at this stage of his career. Not only would he be tackling a real terror, in the fifteen-stone Californian who toppled over Primo Carnera so ruthlessly, but there is more than a suspicion that he would also be battling against the official in the ring.

If the evidence of the Baer-Carnera fight film applies to American boxing generally, then pugilism in the States is in a very bad way. Things were permitted in that world title bout that were much nearer "all-in" wrestling than boxing; we saw more than one punch sent rip-rapping to Carnera's head while he *was on the canvas*! It was a very disgusting exhibition, and all my earlier admiration for Baer—and this despite his boasting—has evaporated.

The thing is, however, will Petersen's advisers risk the career of the young Champion in the States? I think not. As it is, there are matters nearer home needing attention, with a match against Larry Gains, the coloured Canadian, as the first consideration. As I said a week or so ago, Gains is obviously the opponent for Petersen: he is a boxer of experience and skill, and although, perhaps, not quite so good as he was a year or so ago, is still a match for the best men we have here.

Petersen's Empire heavy-weight title will be at stake when he meets Gains—the

Left: Mme. Mathieu, France's No. 1 player, who beat Miss Palfrey (U.S.A.) to reach the semi-final round. Below: Miss Mary Heeley, who was beaten by Miss Dorothy Round. Right: Miss Joan Hartigan, of Australia, the "surprise packet," who beat Miss Scriven to become a semi-finalist



Women Players in Action at the Championships

contest is to be staged at the White City, in August—while I gather that he will then give Len Harvey a chance to regain the British championship a few weeks later. The clash with Harvey is really a "rubber" match, and as all Wales will want to see Petersen this time, I understand that preparations are being made to promote the affair on Ninian Park football ground, the headquarters of Cardiff City.

With these projects ahead, therefore, I can't see Petersen jumping into any contract with Max Baer. There are some wise heads directing the destiny of our Champion; they, I think, will pick the plums at home before risking anything on wild adventures in the other fellow's garden.

ALL this sounds very commercial, so let 's get on to something in which cash does not necessarily call the tune. Straightaway I think of the British Empire Games, which are to be held at the White City next month. Here is the Empire's answer to all those apostles of pessimism who are for ever bemoaning the decadence of modern youth. What a splendid crowd, to be sure, are these young men and women gathered here for the Games: a picked company, the cream of the Colonies and Dominions—straight of limb and sound of wind, and as pleasant and sporting a crowd of youngsters as you 'd meet anywhere. There 's plenty of backbone about them, I can assure you, and all those dear old gentlemen who are so eager to say this is a "spineless age" should go along to see them in action.

From what I can make of it thus early, Britain is going to have a pretty stiff job to beat these invaders from overseas. Though, mind you, we 've got some pretty good representatives for this "little Olympiad." Already we 've seen A. V. Reeve, the Polytechnic Harrier, going great guns in the Southern Counties Championships to tackle J. E. Lovelock, the long-striding New Zealander, as if he was used to beating the world's mile record-holder any day of the week.

Well, that 's the spirit, though Bevil Rudd tells me that we are likely to see Lovelock tuned right up to racing pitch before long. In fact, he may show us what a great miler he is in the A.A.A. Championships at the White City at the end of the present week. Anyhow, I 've been told to look for a great duel between Lovelock and Jerry Cornes for the "Three A's" title.

But what about these good fellows from overseas?

P. G. H. Fender, the Surrey cricketer, at the "Hot Weather Ball," given in aid of the Uniacke Residential Club, Murree, India, where British soldiers and airmen can recuperate with their families. He is seen with Mrs. Roy Bishop, wife of the Secretary to the Ball

D. F. Walker, the Oxford Blue, with plastered face, playing against Surrey at the Oval. In the following match at Lord's against the M.C.C., he scored 72 in the second innings, and 22 against Leveson-Gower's Eleven

Well, we are going to get a glimpse, at the Empire Games next month, of a South African flyer in Theunissen, who may be expected to win the sprint and the furlong. Then there is Duncan McNaughton, the Canadian winner of the Olympic high jump, though I am told he may be surprisingly beaten by J. Metcalfe, an Australian lad who has beaten 6 ft. 7 in. "down under." So it goes on, with a whole string of athletic personalities in London for the Games. They 're all worth seeing—take a trip to the White City next month and you 'll get the best sport ever.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

By F. G. L. Fairlie

THIS is a great occasion for me! In the past I have sometimes managed to get as near as most tipsters in the matter of prognostication, by nominating an individual to carry my money in an Open Championship or an Amateur, before the event took place and finding that I have had a run for my money, in that my nomination has been somewhere near the winner at the finish. But as real triumph happens so rarely, you must forgive me for being somewhat elated at the present time. Those of you who read this page regularly will remember that in the issue of the BYSTANDER dated June 26th, I said that I thought that there was a very good chance of the American monopoly of the British Open Championship ceasing, for this one year at all events. I gave as my reasons that Alfred Padgham was playing at the very top of his form, that Henry Cotton was vigorously preparing himself for the great test, and that we had a new English hope in S. F. Brews, who, judging by his very consistent performances in the professional tournaments in which he has played since his arrival in this country, must, I thought, have a very good chance indeed of winning the title. I went on to say that either Padgham, Cotton, or Brews was more than likely to win the Championship for Britain.

Those words were written a fortnight ago, or three weeks before you will read what I am writing now, and the Open Championship has just been completed at Sandwich. The winner, as all the world now knows, was T. H. Cotton, the second was S. F. Brews, and the third A. S. Padgham. I would refer this paragraph to the special attention of my anonymous correspondent from Lossiemouth, who is evidently more afraid of his own opinions than I am of mine.

THE Championship this year was a complete, utter, and absolute triumph for T. H. Cotton, who is at present attached to the Waterloo Club, in Brussels. If one includes the qualifying round which Cotton played on the St. George's course, then three times in three days he broke a record which has stood the test of twenty years. His final endeavour (which was his second round in the Championship proper) being the almost incredibly good score of 65. I venture to suggest that this record will stand for at least another twenty years, for Cotton played the sort of round of which one dreams, with everything going quite perfectly and with no necessity for any great recovery shots. True, he holed out doubtful putts here and there, and played one or two superlative pitches when slight mistakes had been made, but the round was as near perfection as may be; it must, I think, be almost Cotton's chief pleasure in his performance, even more, perhaps, than the actual winning of the Championship.

For the first three rounds of the Championship his golf was immaculate. In the fourth it is perfectly true that he came near to cracking so badly as actually to lose the overwhelming lead which he had established for himself, but it must always be remembered in his favour that, although undoubtedly he did crack for a very long period in the round, yet, towards the end, he recovered himself manfully and eventually finished so well that he managed just to beat 80. I am extremely glad that Cotton has won the Championship at last, for he has been near to doing so more than once before, and he is certainly the most serious-minded professional golfer that we have. He has not been satisfied with his natural brilliance, but has worked hard to make what was merely good into absolutely tip-top class, and that, after all, for a playing professional, is what is required. This is not to indicate that Cotton is nothing but a playing professional. He is actually an excellent coach, and the sort of man who is a real asset to any club to which he may be attached.

A Difficult Lie

Brews would have been nearer Cotton if he had not had an absolute disaster in the last hole of his first round, when what looked like an easy 73 suddenly and inexplicably became a 76. He afterwards made a magnificent spurt to catch the uncatchable, for his last three rounds were completed in an average of four under fours for a total of 288, but with Cotton playing such scintillating golf he could not hope to succeed in his plucky endeavour. But at least it is encouraging to Brews to know that those three strokes which so rapidly and horribly were added to his first-round score, made no difference at all to the ultimate result, for he finished in second place, in any case.

Padgham played thoroughly sound golf for his total of 290, and third place, and the nearest Americans were Macdonald Smith and J. Kirkwood, who tied with a Frenchman, Marcel Dallemagne, for fourth place, two strokes worse than Padgham.

Shute, the holder, finished twentieth, and entirely through a bad last day, but the scores were excellent on the whole, and considerably lower than anticipated. For this state of affairs a word of praise must definitely be given to the Committee of the Royal St. George's Golf Club. In spite of the drought, the course was in splendid condition, and if a man played a good shot he was given the reward which he deserved. At this time of year, and in this year in particular, this is a great achievement on the part of those who were responsible for the green.

Jack McLean, of Hayston, who finished nineteenth, once again filled the position of leading amateur in the Open, as he did last year, when he tied with Cyril Tolley for that honour. Tolley was not playing this year, but McLean thoroughly deserves his eminent position, if only for his truly magnificent third round, which he completed in 69, in spite of two fives to finish with. McLean went partially mad on his outward half, for he started with four threes, then took a five, then another three, then another five, and then reverted to two more threes, being out in 31. It was a great round to play, for there was a certain amount of wind and the course was by no means easy. It is interesting to note that he was the only player to break 70 on that third day of the Championship.

It was very pleasant to see also that Eustace Storey, who has not been playing in representative golf lately, played extremely well through this Championship, both in the qualifying and in the serious business itself, until he came to his last round, which cost him an 82. Storey has always been a very fine player, with a great aptitude for fighting back when things are not going quite right for him, and it is pleasant to see him reappearing in first-class golf to such effect.

An English Champion at Last

Henry Cotton, the winner of the Open Golf Championship on the St. George's Links at Sandwich, with a score of 283, who three times in three days broke a record which has stood for twenty years

Left: Gene Sarazen, the famous American golfer, seen playing out of a wood in an exhibition match, which took place at Selsdon Park, against Joe Kirkwood

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MANAGING DIRECTOR.

The Critic and the (1934) Car

By the Earl of Cardigan

Left: a 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce with Barker coachwork, photographed outside the thatched cottages which are one of the features of Lyndhurst, in the New Forest

WHEN one considers what vast improvements have been made in motor-engineering during the past ten years, it sometimes seems rather extraordinary that people like myself are still able to write about cars from a more or less critical standpoint. The fact is, I suppose, that, as the cars have gradually become more perfect, so the standards which one applies to them have correspondingly become more exacting. It seems rather hard on the aspiring manufacturer, but it is only natural that it should be so.

The most searching of critics must, I think, admit that it is practically useless to examine the modern car for major defects, such as inefficiency in road performance. Among the last hundred cars which I personally have tested, I have only found one which could be deemed inefficient. I will not risk a libel action by naming this exception to the general rule; suffice it to say that it was not a car of British manufacture.

Generally speaking, I find that it is the coachwork, rather than the chassis, of the modern car which chiefly provides scope for criticism. The classic designer is usually a person of strictly practical ideas; whereas the coachbuilder appears to possess a much more visionary outlook. The latter may all too easily be led astray by some new "fashionable" craze, and may forget that his first duty to the motorist is simply to provide accommodation.

To me, it has always seemed vital that any four-seater car sold to the public should, in fact, provide four adequate seats. Even where large cars are concerned this is no means always the case. There is generally ample space in front, although even here there may be insufficient head-room for a tall man.

ACCOMMODATION for the back-seat passengers is often very poor indeed. There may be a shortage of leg-room, or of head-room, or of both. In some cases, these actual

(Continued on page lv

A 1934 Morris "Isis" Saloon, which, among other refinements, is fitted with an automatic clutch control and free wheel, in an Oxfordshire village not far from Dorchester

THOSE WHO study and appreciate good clothes automatically develop a sense of precision. So much of formality has been lost of recent years that we no longer dress appropriately for each occasion: there are only three main divisions—day, sports and dress clothes. No longer are we horrified at the sight of a man walking down Bond Street or appearing at a cocktail party in a tweed jacket and grey flannel trousers. Only in the evening are our susceptibilities alive: a tail suit surmounted by a bowler might cause comment.

During the recent dark years of the depression, our finer senses of sartorial precision have been jarred by continual requests to show materials which are not too dressy, so that they can be worn in the country, yet not too tweedy, so that they will not be conspicuously out of place if worn in London. Knowing the necessity for economy on the part of some of our customers, we steeled our sensibilities and supplied them with dual-purpose materials. The depression reduced Sartor's stock to a low level.

Although there are a few materials—Cheviots and Saxonies, particularly in Glenurquhart check designs—which are permissible for both purposes, the town lounge suit is cut on entirely different lines from that intended for country or week-end wear.

Flaps on the pockets, single-breasted lapels, slits at the back, an easy undefined waistline—that is the country suit. Double-breasted lapels, no flaps, no slits, a closer waist and hip line are essentials for the town suit.

We have a magnificent selection of country tweeds: Kenmares, Connemaras, Shetlands, Highland tweeds, double-twist Angolas, Cheviots, every type of homespun. But these are for shooting suits, riding jackets, golf and country suits—only.

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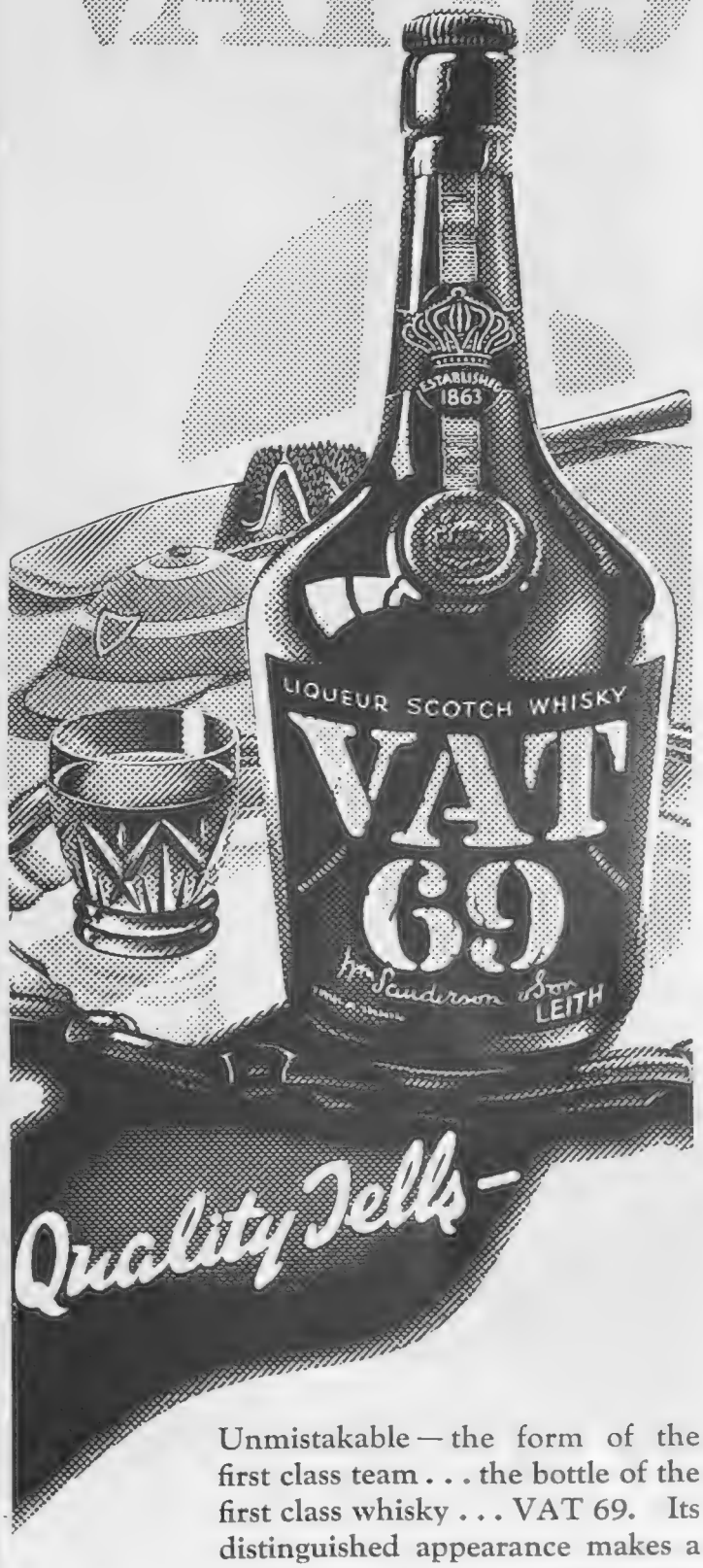

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The Critic and the (1934) Car

(Continued from page ii)

defects have been overcome by means of deep foot-wells and unsubstantial seat-cushions; but the effect has, none the less, been to induce the passenger to adopt a cramped, upright and unrestful attitude.

I am sometimes told that "of course, in a *sports* saloon model one must not expect too much." I have never been able to agree to this; for personally, in a sports car, I expect a good deal in the way of comfort. It is to be presumed that a sports car will be driven fast, and over long distances. It is under just such circumstances that the need for comfortable, and even for luxurious, seating is most keenly felt.

It is quite true that the knowledgeable motorist, in buying a car of the type referred to, probably regards it, in his own mind, as a two-seater coupé, with "emergency" space for two additional passengers. However, so long as the catalogue classes a car as being of four-seater type, it is open to criticism as regards all four of its alleged seats.

HERE is another curious weakness of the 1934 coachbuilder. He has a very strong preference for the "bucket" type of chair, and will seldom fit a single, broad front-seat. Why is this? Given a central arm-rest, there is nothing more comfortable than the single front-seat. It has a solid restfulness which is seldom possessed by the bucket chair. In addition, it will hold a third person for short journeys, provided the latter is of slim build.

Of course, there may be many purchasers who, for one reason or another, prefer bucket-chairs in front. None the less, the neglect of the single seat is so marked as to amount to a prejudice, and one for which there seems no real justification.

The fixed windscreen is another feature of 1934 cars which I regard rather dubiously. Screen-wipers, nowadays, are efficient; but they are not 100-per-cent. efficient, and it does not seem likely that they ever will be. I have yet to meet the wiper, for instance, which will deal with a combination of fog and sharp frost; and we all know that this occurs quite commonly during the winter. What does A do, with his fixed windscreen, under these circumstances?

A good driving-position is a matter in which both chassis-designer and coach-builder are concerned; and here one may sometimes find certain deficiencies. Now that sliding seats are universally used, one may rely upon adequate leg-room. The gear and brake levers, however, may be ill placed—and, in fact, inaccessible hand-brakes are quite common.

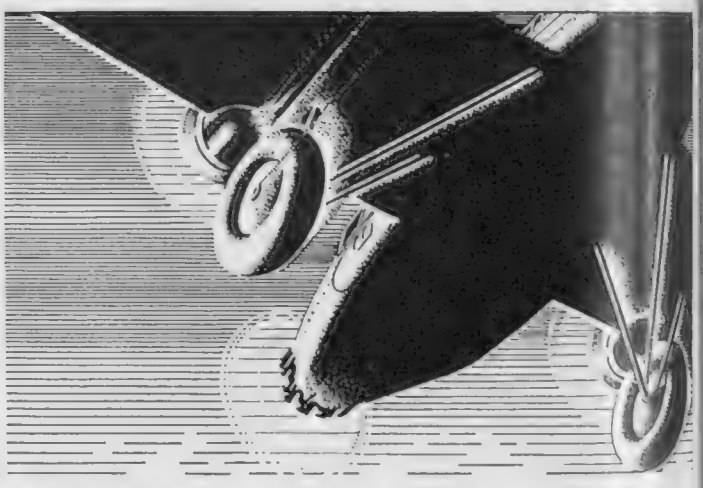
There are apt to be defects, also, in the position of the pedals. Nowadays, it is not unusual for the propeller-shaft housing to project above the front floorboards. A space to the left of the clutch pedal seems to me the most natural and comfortable place for the left foot to go.

The Hillman "Minx" Foursome Drophead Coupé. It can be used either as an open or closed car and also has an intermediate state, when it constitutes a Coupé de Ville. This very attractive 10 h.p. car costs only £225

Two Corrections

WE regret that in our issue of June 19, Mrs. C. Higgins, wife of Air-Commodore C. Higgins, C.B., C.M.G., was incorrectly described as Mrs. Darrell-Roe.

We also regret that in our issue of July 3, Miss Pamela Jourado was incorrectly described as the niece of Mr. Binder. Miss Pamela Jourado is the daughter of Mr. Victor Jourado.



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P.2464

The Airway Becomes the Highway : By Charles Ward

Well-known pilot in Oriental setting! Captain G. P. Olley with maidens of Persepolis, Central Persia, to which country he piloted an air-taxi for the University of Chicago. Captain Olley is one of the most experienced British pilots and a director of the air-taxi company bearing his name

By Air from Door to Door

PROVINCIAL Airways, operating three services a day in each direction from Croydon to Southampton and Plymouth, have found that door-to-door transport is a valuable selling-point. Jones, of Notting Hill, wishes to spend the week-end in Plymouth at the Royal Hotel. The Company's car will collect him from his own house and deliver him in Plymouth for an inclusive charge, which is the advertised fare from city to city. There are no tips or taxi fares required, and the speed of the journey is such that passengers have no time to get hungry en route. Two Dragons and two Fox Moths form the present fleet, and it should be noted that stops are made at Portsmouth, Bournemouth, Dorchester, Weymouth, on request, whilst Haldon serves the South Devon coast, and two of the services continue beyond Plymouth to Newquay and Hayle, in Cornwall. Air travel has justified its own time-table for some years, and of those which have appeared recently, that by Roadway Publications is the most comprehensive. It is called the "Airway Time Table," and covers all European regular services, together with those to the Far East, South Africa and South America. It is the simplest thing possible to plan an extensive tour, for each service is separately numbered from No. 1—Liverpool, Blackpool, the Isle of Man—to No. 407—Berlin, Buenos Aires—the whole occupying more than 100 pages of tables, maps, and general information. Of the forty-six cathedrals which are welcoming pilgrims during the first fortnight of this month, each is approachable by air, some being within walking distance of the landing-grounds. The "A.A." has given valuable service to the cause by issuing a special guide to aerodromes for each cathedral, with the addresses of garages where cars may be hired to complete the journey.

Week-End Racing for the King's Cup

THE preliminary heats in the race for the King's Cup will be flown on Friday next, July 13th, from Hatfield. Flying will start at 8 a.m. and continue throughout the day, vantage points in the country being Upper Heyford, Old Sarum and Waddington, which are R.A.F. stations, and the Municipal Airport at Bristol. The semi-final and final, to be flown on Saturday, will follow courses via North Weald—Henlow and Watton-at-Stone—Hoo House respectively. Visitors to Hatfield for the racing who are not familiar with the progress made recently in private flying, will be impressed by the clubhouse and facilities for sport which are available for members of the London Club and other users of the aerodrome. A book just published entitled, *The Flying Clubs' and Schools' Year Book*, edited by W. H. E. Thomas, is the first complete guide to the places where flying is taught that I have seen. The cost of membership and tuition is given for every centre in the country, together with details of the amenities which the different clubs have to offer their members. The Year Book takes its place as a work of reference and, being sold at the reasonable price of 2s. 6d., will be valuable propaganda on the bookstalls.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions : June Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. A. M. Tivey	Willesley Park	84	17	67	77	10 below
Miss Joan Hunot	Royal Blackheath	83	18	65	74	9 "
Mrs. E. A. Cooper	Wollaton Park	78	12	66	74	8 "
Miss Bridget Jackson	Chislehurst	75	12	63	71	8 "
Miss Betty Carr	Walton Heath (Old)	88	17	71	79	8 "
Miss Peggy Smeeton	Shirley Park	85	18	67	75	8 "
Miss Mary Peech	West Hill	73	4	69	76	7 "
Mrs. R. Meacock	Newport (Mon.)	75	8	67	74	7 "
Miss Hilda Reynolds	Newport (Mon.)	78	11	67	74	7 "
Miss M. Bateman	Shirley Park	81	13	68	75	7 "
Miss Toulmin	Edgware	82	15	67	74	7 "
Mrs. R. Parker	Stanley Pk., Blackpool	82	16	66	73	7 "
Miss Pickles	Huddersfield	86	16	70	77	7 "
Miss E. M. Robinson	Trentham	74	5	69	75	6 "
Mrs. J. O. Fane	North Hants	83	14	69	75	6 "
Miss Roberts	Trentham	83	14	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Carter	Trentham	84	15	69	75	6 "
Miss L. Scott	West Bradford	82	17	65	71	6 "
Mrs. C. M. Beard	Ferndown	75	4	71	76	5 "
Miss Enid Pears	Harborne	75	4	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Wood	Trentham	76	6	70	75	5 "
Mrs. L. A. Leach	Warrington	78	8	70	75	5 "
Miss M. Black	Wentworth (East)	79	10	69	74	5 "
Mrs. R. Huke	Southport & Ainsdale	82	11	71	76	5 "
Miss A. Copeland	Beverley	78	11	67	72	5 "
Miss E. L. Duncan	Prenton	85	15	70	75	5 "
Mrs. F. H. Oliver	La Moye	72	6	66	70	4 "
Miss Beryl Pockett	Cooden Beach	80	7	73	77	4 "
Mrs. L. A. Mathieson	Wollaton Park	80	10	70	74	4 "
Mrs. L. Gregson	Formby	80	11	69	73	4 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps 19 to 36)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Prudence Jackson	Chislehurst	89	32	57	71	14 below
Mrs. M. Spencer	Southport & Ainsdale	99	36	63	76	13 "
Miss M. A. Holbrook	Malden	93	28	65	76	11 "
Mrs. C. E. Thompson	Cuddington	101	36	65	76	11 "
Miss Janet Pearson	North Hants	100	36	64	75	11 "
Miss B. Lyon	Long Ashton	83	19	64	74	10 "
Mrs. Bates	Shirley Park	91	26	65	75	10 "
Mrs. Neale	South Leeds	91	29	62	72	10 "
Miss E. W. M. Wyatt	East Herts	98	31	62	72	10 "

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss J. Hutchinson	Rotherham	86	32	64	74	10 below
Miss M. Wilson	Leek	95	32	63	73	10 "
Miss Wood	Davenport, Stockport	88	24	64	73	9 "
Miss N. Withenshaw	Warrington	91	25	66	75	9 "
Mrs. F. Dalton	Cruden Bay	101	35	66	75	9 "
Mrs. A. Webster	Calcutta (New)	100	36	64	73	9 "
Mrs. Newcombe	Warrington	93	26	67	75	8 "
Mrs. E. C. Short	Malden	95	27	68	76	8 "
Mrs. Morris	Shirley Park	94	27	67	75	8 "
Mrs. B. W. Reynolds	Cheadle	88	28	60	68	8 "
Miss Templeton	Exeter	100	34	66	74	8 "
Miss E. Burnley Jones	Hillside	101	35	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Venables	North Worcs.	99	35	64	72	8 "
Mrs. Corke	Shirley Park	103	36	67	75	8 "
Miss B. Fleming	Heswall	86	19	67	74	7 "
Mrs. J. Wardle	Heswall	86	19	67	74	7 "
Mrs. M. I. Lambert	Coxmoor	88	23	65	72	7 "
Mrs. Greenwood	Mickleover	88	24	64	71	7 "
Mrs. C. Price	North Worcs.	92	27	65	72	7 "
Miss L. K. Richardson	Wollaton Park	99	32	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Kendrick	Aston Wood	105	36	69	76	7 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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L M S— "*Scottish Apartments Guide*" (3d.)

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What's On

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes revived, with George Grossmith as Horner: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elizabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion, as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—By the late Ronald Mackenzie; John Gielgud, Jack Hawkins, Sophie Stewart, and Catherine Lacey head the cast; the action's in an English seaside town: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story turns on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée (Jill Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OHEL.—The Palestine Theatre present a series of plays: Scala, 8.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary, Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VILLAGE WOOING.—Shaw at his gayest, admirably played by Sybil Thorndike and Arthur Wontner, coupled with *The Little Man*, a satirical trifle by Galsworthy: Little, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps, witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

HAPPY WEEK-END.—A musical farce, with nice tunes, and comedy-bubbles blown by the two Hungarians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, and Louise Browne leading the English team: Duke of York's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Fortune, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—A comedy of "bundling" in Declaration-of-Independence America, delightfully acted by the successful New York cast, with Peggy Conklin and Tonio Selwart as heroine and hero: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

ELIZABETH SLEEPS OUT.—Leslie Howard's comedy, with George K. Arthur, Frank Cellier, Helen Haye, and Maisie Darrell: Whitehall, to-night.

CHARLOTTE'S PROGRESS.—A play by Ashley Dukes; the new "nymph errant" is played by Joan White: Mercury, July 11.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

EVER GREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

LIEBES KOMMANDO.—A Viennese comedy, with Dolly Haas as the girl who served in an Austrian regiment, and Gustav Froeblich as the man she falls in love with: Academy.

THE LOVES OF ARIANE.—Elizabeth Bergner does some exquisite acting as a young Russian girl who falls in love with a "man of the world": Rialto.

MADAME DUBARRY.—A big part for Dolores del Rio, Reginald Owen plays Louis XV.: Carlton.

MANDALAY.—A romance with Kay Francis as the star. *Jimmy the Gent* is a James Cagney film: Regal.

MOULIN ROUGE.—The lovely Constance Bennett has a double rôle in a back-stage comedy: Leicester Square Theatre.

PRINCESS CHARMING.—A musical comedy, with Evelyn Laye as the charming Princess, Yvonne Arnaud and George Grossmith: New Gallery.

SADIE MCKEE.—A new film for Joan Crawford; the other stars are Esther Ralston, Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond: Empire.

TOGETHER WE TWO.—Annabella in a less successful film than those René Clair made for her. *The Guardsman*, the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne film, thoroughly merits this revival: Curzon.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Brilliant satirical comedy; John Barrymore gives his best acting as the egoist producer, and Carole Lombard surpasses herself as his wild protegé: Plaza.

WHIRLPOOL.—A racketeering melodrama, with Jack Holt, Jean Arthur and Allen Jenkin: Capitol.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Pearl Rivers and some girls in a song-and-dance show. Louis Simmonds and his band play: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there's always a good cabaret.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris, "the inimitable," is back here again; Howard Jacobs and his band make dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner, or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy, as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng is again in residence every midnight; Jock Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—An all-dancing cabaret—Jean Tors, eccentric; Mansfield and Lamar, ball-room; Wilma Vanne, tap: extension, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

ETON BALL: Dorchester, July 13.

CHARTERHOUSE MISSION BALL: Dorchester, July 10.

(*Continued on page* D)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

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SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO: Woolwich, to ... 14th.

NETHERLANDS EXHIBITION: Dorland ... from July 16th.

FLOWER SHOWS.—Lilies and Sweet Pea Sh... July 10th-11th.
National Rose Society: July 13th
Carnation Show: July 13th-14th
All at Horticultural Hall.

SPORT

CRICKET.—England v. Australia, last d... Third Test Match: Manchester, ... Gentlemen v. Players: Oval, July 11th ... Eton v. Harrow: Lord's, July 13th-14th.

LAWN TENNIS.—Midland Counties Cha... ships: Edgbaston, Birmingham, to July ...

GOLF.—Lucifer G.S. British Empire Meet... Walton Heath, July 11th-12th.

POLO.—Subalterns' Gold Challenge ... Ranelagh, to July 14th.
Oxford v. Cambridge: Hurlingham, July ...
Tyro Cup Final: Hurlingham, July ...
Villavieja Cup: Hurlingham, July 14th

RACING.—Bibury Club: Salisbury, J... 12th.
Lingfield Park: July 13th-14th.

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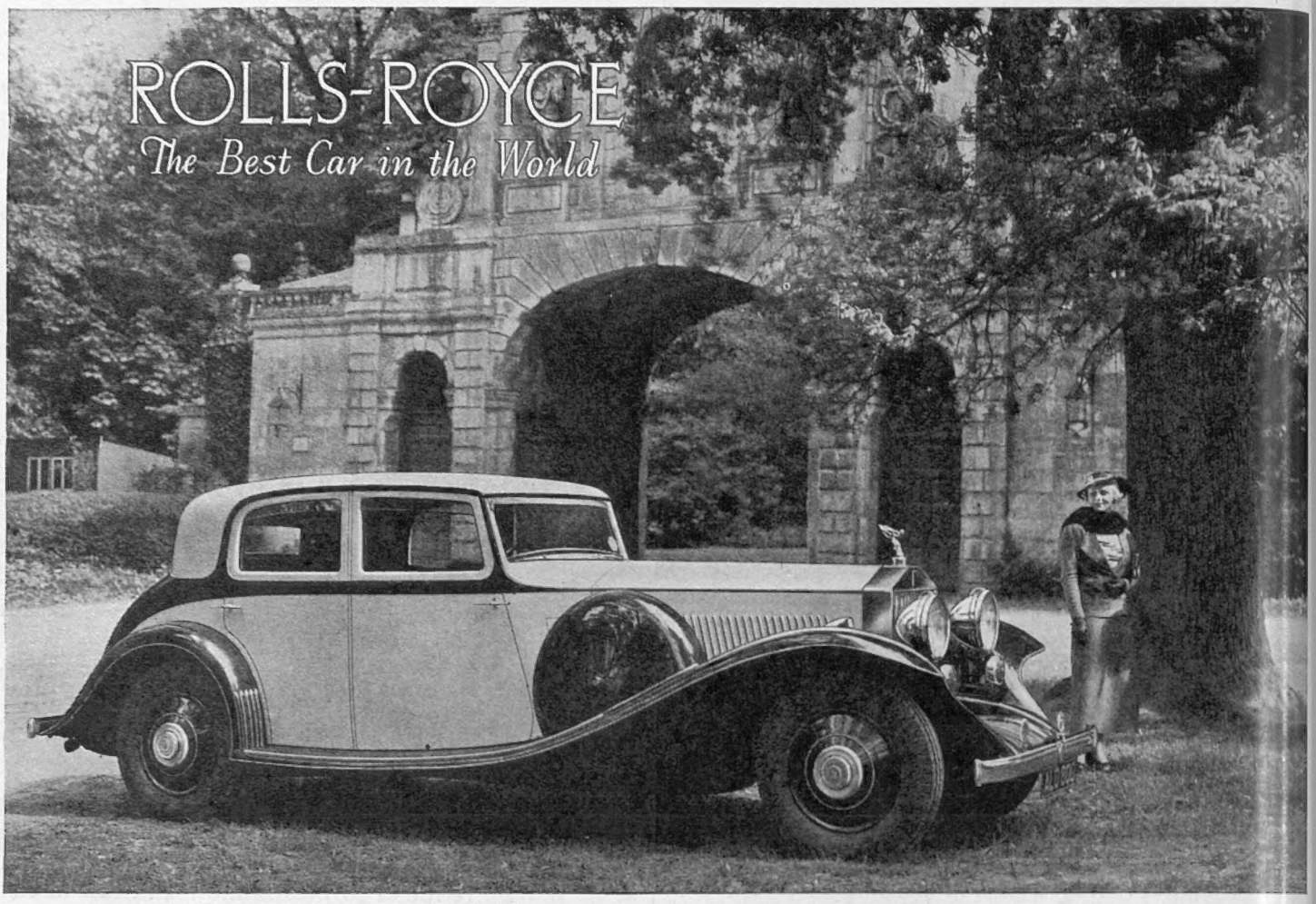

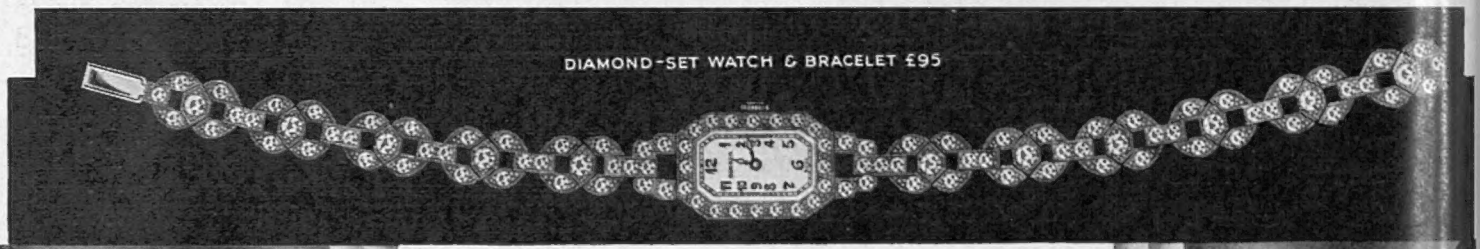

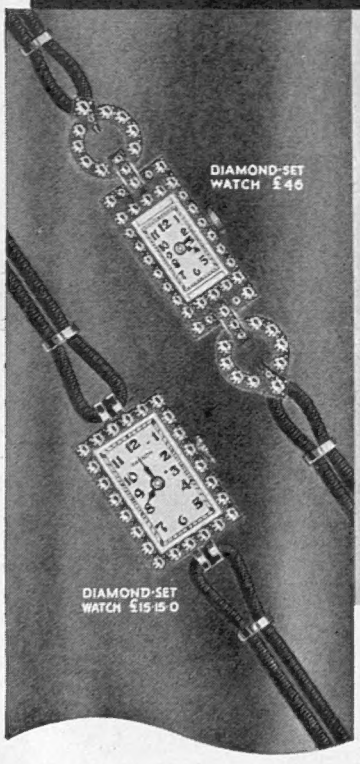

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